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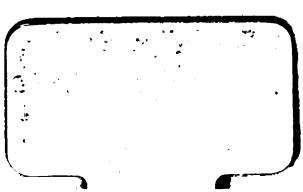

THE

# CHAMPION

OF

# VIRTUE.

[PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.]

# THE CHAMPION OF VIRTUE.

A

## GOTHIC STORY.

By the EDITOR of the PHŒNIX;

A TRANSLATION OF

BARCLAY'S ARGENIS.

---

Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.
HORACE.

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M.LCC.LXXVII.

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# ADDRESS

TO THE

# READER.

READER, before you enter upon the hiſtory before you, permit the Author to hold a ſhort conference with you, upon certain points that will elucidate the deſign, and perhaps induce you to form a *favourable*, as well as a right judgment of the work.

Pray did you ever read a book called, The Caſtle of Otranto? if you have, you will willingly enter with me into a review of it.—but perhaps you have not read it? however you have heard

 that

that it is an attempt to blend together, the moſt attractive and intereſting circumſtances of the ancient romance and modern Novel; but poſſibly you may not know ſo much, *ſtill* you have read *ſome* ancient Romance, or *ſome* modern Novel, it will be ſtrange if you have not in this age!

But ſuppoſe you ſhould diſlike or deſpiſe them both? 'tis no matter! I ſhall catch you ſome way or other.

You delight in the fables of the ancients, the old poets, or ſtory-tellers.

Or, you are pleaſed with the wonderful adventures of modern travellers, ſuch as Gaudentio di Lucca, or Robinſon Cruſoe.

Or, if you are unacquainted with any of the books already mentioned, I would venture a good wager that you have read the Pilgrim's Progreſs.

You ſmile! but I mean nothing ludicrous, the Pilgrim's Progreſs is a work of genius, and as ſuch I reſpect it.—is it poſſible that a book merely fanatical, ſhould have run through fifty-four editions? you may ſafely conclude it has merit

merit of a higher kind, that enables it to blunt the ſhafts of ridicule, and to ſtand its ground, notwithſtanding the variations of times and taſtes, and the refinements of literature and language.

But what (ſay you) is all this to the purpoſe? patience a moment, and I will come directly to the point.—if you have read any *fictitious* or *fabulous* ſtory, it will anſwer my intention, which is to aſſert, that all readers, of all times and countries have delighted in ſtories of theſe kinds; and that thoſe who affect to deſpiſe them under one form, will receive and embrace them in another.

Hiſtory repreſents human nature as it is.—alas! too often a melancholy retroſpect.—romance diſplays only the amiable ſide of the picture; it ſhows the pleaſing features, and throws a veil over the blemiſhes: mankind are naturally pleaſed with what gratifies their vanity, and vanity like all other paſſions of the human heart, may be rendered ſubſervient to good and uſeful purpoſes.

I confeſs that it may be abuſed, and become an inſtrument to corrupt the

manners and morals of mankind; ſo may poetry, ſo may plays, ſo may every kind of compoſition; but that will prove nothing more than the old ſaying lately revived'—"that every earthly thing has two handles."

The buſineſs of romance is firſt to excite the attention, and ſecondly to direct it to ſome uſeful, or at leaſt innocent end. Happy the writer who attains both theſe points, like Richardſon! and not unfortunate, or undeſerving of praiſe, he who gains only the latter, and furniſhes out of it an entertainment for the reader!

Having, in ſome degree, opened my deſign, I beg leave to conduct my reader back again, till he comes within view of the caſtle of Otranto; a work which has already been obſerved, is an attempt to unite the various merits and graces of the ancient romance and modern Novel.---to attain this end, there is required a ſufficient degree of the marvellous to excite the attention.——enough of the manners of real life, to give an air of probability to the work;---and

and enough of the pathetic to engage the heart in its behalf.

The book before us is excellent in the two laſt points, but has a redundancy in the firſt; the opening excites the attention very ſtrongly; the conduct of the ſtory is artful and judicious; the characters are admirably drawn and ſupported; the diction poliſhed and elegant; yet with all theſe brilliant advantages, it palls upon the mind, though it does not upon the ear, and the reaſon is obvious; the machinery is ſo violent, that it deſtroys the effect it is intended to excite. Had the ſtory been kept within the utmoſt *verge* of probability, the effect had been preſerved, without loſing the leaſt circumſtance that excites or detains the attention.

For inſtance, we can conceive and allow of the appearance of a ghoſt, we can even diſpenſe with an enchanted ſword and helmet, but then they muſt keep within certain limits of credibility, a ſword ſo large as to require an hundred men to lift it, a helmet that by its own weight forces a paſſage through a court-

court-yard into an arched vault, big enough for a man to go through; a picture that walks out of its frame; a ſkeleton ghoſt in a hermit's cowl: when your expectation is wound up to the higheſt pitch, theſe circumſtances take it down with a witneſs, deſtroy the work of imagination, and inſtead of attention, excite laughter. I was both ſurpriſed and vexed to find the enchantment diſſolved, that I wiſhed might continue to the end of the book, and ſeveral others of its readers have confeſſed the ſame diſappointment to me; the beauties are ſo numerous, that we cannot bear the defects, but want it to be perfect in all reſpects.

In the courſe of my obſervations upon this ſingular book, it ſeemed to me that it was poſſible to compoſe a work upon the ſame plan, wherein theſe defects might be avoided, and the *keeping* as in *painting* might be preſerved.

But then, ſaid I, it might happen to the writer as it has to the imitators of Shakeſpeare, the *unities* may be preſerved,

ſerved, but the *ſpirit* may evaporate; in ſhort it will be ſafeſt to let it alone.

During theſe reflections, it occured to my remembrance, that a certain friend of mine was in poſſeſſion of a manuſcript in the old Engliſh language, containing a ſtory that anſwered in almoſt every point to the plan abovementioned; and if it were moderniſed, might afford entertainment to thoſe who delight in ſtories of this kind.

Accordingly (with my friend's permiſſion) I tranſcribed, or rather tranſlated a few ſheets of it.---I read it to a circle of friends of approved judgment, they gave me the warmeſt encouragement to proceed, and even made me promiſe to finiſh it.

Here it is, therefore, at your ſervice; if you are pleaſed, I am ſatisfied; I will venture to aſſure you that it ſhall not leave you worſe than it finds you in any reſpect. If you deſpiſe the work it will go to ſleep quietly with many of its contemporaries, and the *ghoſt of it* will not diſturb your repoſe.

I am, with profound Reſpect,
Reader, your moſt obedient Servant,
The EDITOR.

# THE CHAMPION OF VIRTUE.

## A GOTHIC STORY.

IN the minority of Henry the Sixth, king of England, who alſo was crowned king of France, when the renowned John duke of Bedford was regent of France, and Humphrey the good duke of Glouceſter was protector of England; a worthy knight, called ſir Philip Harclay, returned from his travels, to England, his native country.—He had ſerved under the glorious king Henry the Fifth with diſtinguiſhing valour, had acquired an honourable fame, and was no leſs eſteemed for chriſtian virtues than for deeds of chivalry. After the death of his prince, he entered into the ſervice of the Greek emperor, and diſtinguiſhed his courage againſt the encroachments of the Saracens. In a battle there, he took priſoner a certain gentleman, by name M. Zadiſky, of Greek extraction, but brought up by a Saracen officer, this man he converted to the chriſtian faith, after which he bound him to himſelf by the tyes of friendſhip and gratitude, and he reſolved to continue with his benefactor. After

thirty years travel and warlike ſervice, he determined to return to his native land, and to ſpend the remainder of his life in peace, and by devoting himſelf to works of piety and charity, prepare for a better ſtate hereafter. This noble knight had in his early youth contracted a ſtrict friendſhip with the only ſon of the lord Lovel, a gentleman of eminent virtues and accompliſhments. During ſir Philip's reſidence in foreign countries, he had frequently written to his friend, and had for a time received anſwers, the laſt informed him of the death of the old lord Lovel, and the marriage of the young one; but from that time he heard no more from him. Sir Philip imputed it not to neglect or forgetfulneſs, but to the difficulties of intercourſe, common at that time to all travellers and adventurers.—When he was returning home, he reſolved, after looking into his family affairs, to viſit the caſtle of Lovel, and enquire into the ſituation of his friend.—He landed in Kent, attended by his Greek friend and two faithful ſervants, one of which was maimed by the wounds he had received in the defence of his maſter.—Sir Philip went to his family ſeat in Yorkſhire, he found his mother and ſiſter were dead, and his eſtates ſequeſtered in the hands of commiſſioners appointed by the protector.—He was obliged to prove the reallity of his claim, and the identity of his perſon, (by the teſtimony of ſome of the old ſervants of his family) after which every thing was reſtored to him. He took poſſeſſion of his own houſe, eſtabliſhed his houſehold, ſettled the old ſervants in their former ſtations, and placed thoſe he brought home in the

the upper offices of his family. He left his friend to superintend his domestic affairs, and attended by only one of his old servants, he set out for the castle of Lovel, in the west of England.—They travelled by easy journeys, but towards the evening of the second day, the servant was so ill and fatigued he could go no further, he stopped at an inn where he grew worse every hour, and the next day expired. Sir Philip was under great concern for the loss of his servant, and some for himself, being alone in a strange place; however he took courage, ordered his servant's funeral, attended it himself, and having shed a tear of humanity over his grave, proceeded alone on his journey. As he drew near the estate of his friend, he began to enquire of every one he met, whether the lord Lovel resided at the seat of his ancestors; he was answered by one, he did not know,—by another he could not tell,—by a third, that he never heard of such a person. Sir Philip thought it strange that a man of lord Lovel's consequence should be unknown in his own neighbourhood, and where his ancestors had usually resided.—He ruminated on the uncertainty of human happiness; this world, said he, has nothing for a wise man to depend upon, I have lost all my relations and most of my friends, and I am uncertain whether any are remaining.—I will however be thankful for the blessings that are spared to me, and I will endeavour to replace those that I have lost.—if my friend lives he shall share my fortune while I live, and his children shall have the reversion of it, and I will share his comforts in return.—But perhaps my friend may have met

with troubles that have made him diſguſted with the world. Perhaps he has buried his amiable wife, or his promiſing children, and tired of public life, he is retired into a monaſtry,—at leaſt I will know what all this ſilence means.

When he came within a mile of the caſtle of Lovel, he ſtopped at a cottage, and aſked for a draught of water, a peaſant, maſter of the houſe brought it, and aſked if his honour would alight and take a moments refreſhment.—Sir Philip accepted his offer, being reſolved to make farther enquiry before he approached the caſtle.—He aſked the ſame queſtions of him, that he had before to others, which lord Lovel, ſaid the man, does your honour enquire after? the man whom I knew, was called Arthur, ſaid ſir Philp, ay, ſaid the peaſant, he was the only ſurviving ſon of Richard lord Lovel as I think?—very true friend, he was ſo.—alas ſir, ſaid the man, he is dead! he ſurvived his father but a ſhort time.—dead ſay you.—how long ſince?—about fifteen years to the beſt of my remembrance.—ſir Philip ſighed deeply—alas, ſaid he, what do we by living long, but ſurvive all our friends!—but pray tell me how he died.—I will ſir to the beſt of my knowledge. An't pleaſe your honour, I heard ſay, that he attended the king when he went againſt the Welch rebels, and he left his lady big with child; and ſo there was a battle fought, and the king got the better of the rebels,—there came firſt a report that none of the officers were killed, but a few days after there came a meſſenger with an account very different, that ſeveral were wounded, and that the lord Lovel was ſlain, which ſad news overſet us all with ſorrow,

ſorrow, for he was a noble gentleman, a bountiful maſter, and the delight of all the neighbourhood.—He was indeed, ſaid ſir Philip, all that is amiable and good, he was my dear and noble friend, and I am inconſolable for his loſs.—but the unfortunate lady, what became of her? why an't pleaſe your honour, they ſaid ſhe died of grief for the loſs of her huſband, but her death was kept private for a time, and we did not know it for certain till ſome weeks afterwards—The will of heaven be obeyed, ſaid ſir Philip, but who ſucceeded to the title and eſtate? the next heir, ſaid the peaſant, a kinſman of the deceaſed, ſir Walter Lovel by name. I have ſeen him, ſaid ſir Philip, formerly, but where was he when theſe events happened? at the caſtle of Lovel, ſir. he came there on a viſit to the lady, and waited there to receive my lord, at his return from Wales, when the news of his death arrived, ſir Walter did every thing in his power to comfort her, and ſome ſaid he was to marry her, but ſhe refuſed to be comforted, and took it ſo to heart that ſhe died. And does the preſent lord Lovel reſide at the caſtle?—no ſir,—who then?—the lord baron Fitz-Owen.—and how came ſir Walter to leave the ſeat of his anceſtors?—why ſir he married his ſiſter to this ſaid lord, and ſo he ſold the caſtle to him, and went away, and built himſelf a houſe in the north country, as far as Northumberland, I think they call it. That is very ſtrange, ſaid ſir Philip,—ſo it is pleaſe your honour, but this is all I know about it—I thank you friend for your intelligence, I have taken a long journey to no purpoſe, and have met with nothing but croſs accidents.—This

life is indeed a pilgrimage,—pray direct me the nearest way to the next monastry,—noble sir, said the peasant, it is full five miles off, the night is coming on, and the ways are bad; I am but a poor man and cannot entertain your honour as you are used to, but if you will enter my poor cottage, that, and every thing in it are at your service. My honest friend I thank you heartily, said sir Philip, yonr kindness and hospitality might shame many of higher birth and breeding, I will accept your kind offer; but pray let me know the name of my host?—John Wyat, sir, an honest man though a poor one, and a christian man, though a sinful one, Whose cottage is this?—it belongs to the lord Fitz-Owen.—what family have you?—a wife, two sons and a daughter, who will all be proud to wait upon your honour; let me hold your honour's stirrup whilst you alight. He seconded these words by the proper action, and having assisted his guest to dismount, he conducted him into his house, called his wife to attend him, and then led his horse under a poor shed, that served him as a stable. Sir Philip was fatigued in body and mind, and was glad to repose himself any where. The courtesy of his host engaged his attention, and satisfied his wishes. He soon after returned, followed by a youth of about eighteen years, make haste John, said the father, and besure you say neither more nor less than what I have told you. I will father, said the lad, and immediately set off, run like a buck across the fields, and was out of sight in an instant. I hope friend, said sir Philip, you have not sent your son to provide for my entertainment, I am a soldier, used

to

to lodge and fare hard, and if it were otherwiſe, your courteſy and kindneſs would give a reliſh to the moſt ordinary food. I wiſh heartily, ſaid Wyatt, it was in my power to entertain your honour as you ought to be, but as I cannot do ſo, I will, when my ſon returns acquaint you with the errand I ſent him on. After this they converſed together on common ſubjects, like fellow creatures of the ſame natural form and endowments, tho' different kinds of education had given a conſcious ſuperiority to the one, a conſcious inferiority to the other; and the due reſpect was paid by the latter, without being exacted by the former.—In about half an hour young John returned—thou haſt made haſte, ſaid the father; not more than good ſpeed, quoth the ſon—tell us then how you ſped?—ſhall I tell all that paſſed, ſaid John?—all, ſaid the father, I dont want to hide any thing. John ſtood with his cap in his hand, and thus told his tale.—I went ſtraight to the caſtle as faſt as I could run, it was my hap to light on young maſter Edmund firſt, ſo I told him juſt as you bad me, that a noble gentleman was come a long journey from foreign parts to ſee the lord Lovel, his friend, and having lived abroad many years, he did not know that he was dead, and that the caſtle was fallen into other hands; that upon hearing theſe tidings he was much grieved and diſappointed, and wanting a night's lodging to reſt himſelf before he returned to his own home, he was fain to take up with one at our cottage; that my father thought my lord would be angry with him, if he were not told of the ſtranger's journey and intentions, eſpecially to

let

let ſuch a man lye at our cottage, where he could neither be lodged nor entertained according to his quality. Here John ſtopped, and his father exclaimed, a good lad?—you did your errand very well; and tell us the anſwer—John proceeded—maſter Edmund ordered me ſome beer, and went to acquaint my lord of the meſſage, he ſtayed a while, and then came back to me. John, ſaid he, tell the noble ſtranger, that the baron Fitz-Owen greets him well, and deſires him to reſt aſſured, that though lord Lovel is dead, and the caſtle fallen into other hands, his friends will always find a welcome there; and my lord deſires that he will accept of a lodging there, while he remains in this country—ſo I come away directly, and made haſte to deliver my errand.

Sir Philip expreſſed ſome diſatisfaction at this mark of old Wyatt's reſpect—I wiſh, ſaid he; that you had acquainted me with your intention before you ſent to inform the baron I was here. I chooſe rather to lodge with you, and I propoſe to make amends for the trouble I ſhall give you. Pray ſir dont mention it, ſaid the peaſant, you are as welcome as myſelf, I hope no offence; the only reaſon of my ſending was, becauſe I am both unable and unworthy to entertain your honour.—I am ſorry, ſaid ſir Philip, you ſhould think me ſo dainty, I am a chriſtian ſoldier, and him I acknowledge for my prince and maſter, accepted the invitations of the poor, and waſhed the feet of his diſciples. Let us ſay no more on this head, I am reſolved to ſtay this night in your cottage, tomorrow I will wait on the baron, and thank him for his hoſpitable invitation.—That ſhall be

be as your honour pleaſes, ſince you will condeſcend to ſtay here. John, do you run back and acquaint my lord of it; not ſo, ſaid ſir Philip, it is now almoſt dark,—'tis no matter, ſaid John, I can go it blindfold. Sir Philip then gave him a meſſage to the baron in his own name, acquainting him that he would pay his reſpects to him in the morning. John flew back the ſecond time, and ſoon returned with new commendations from the baron, and that he would expect him on the morrow. Sir Philip gave him an angel of gold, and praiſed his ſpeed and abilities.

He ſupped with Wyatt and his family upon new laid eggs and raſhers of bacon, with the higheſt reliſh. They praiſed the Creator for his gifts, and acknowledged they were unworthy of the leaſt of his bleſſings. They gave the beſt of their two lofts up to ſir Philip, the reſt of the family ſlept in the other, the old woman and her daughter in the bed, the father and his two ſons upon clean ſtraw. ſir Philip's bed was of a better kind, and yet as much inferior to his uſual accommodations; nevertheleſs the good knight ſlept as well in Wyatt's cottage, as he could have done in a palace. During his ſleep, many ſtrange and incoherent dreams aroſe to his imagination. He thought he received a meſſage from his friend lord Lovel, to come to him at the caſtle, that he ſtood at the gate and received him, that he ſtrove to embrace him, but could not, but that he ſpoke to this effect.—Though I have been dead theſe fifteen years, I ſtill command here, and none can come here without my permiſſion, know that it is I that invite, and bid you

you welcome, the hopes of my houſe reſt upon you. Upon this he bid ſir Philip follow him, he led him through many rooms, till at laſt he ſunk down, and ſir Philip thought he ſtill followed him; till he came into a dark and frightful cave, where he diſappeared, and in his ſtead he beheld a compleat ſuit of armour ſtained with blood, which belonged to his friend, and he thought he heard diſmal groans from beneath. Preſently after, he thought he was hurried away by an inviſible hand, and led into a wild heath, where the people were incloſing the ground, and making preparations for two combatants; the trumpet ſounded, and a voice called out ſtill louder, forbear!—it is not permitted to be revealed till the time is ripe for the event.—Wait with patience on the decrees of heaven—He was then tranſporred to his own houſe, where going into an unfrequented room he was again met by his friend, who was living, and in all the bloom of youth, as when he firſt knew him. He ſtarted at the ſight and awoke. The ſun ſhone upon his curtains, and perceiving it was day, he ſat up and recollected where he was. The images that impreſſed his ſleeping fancy remained ſtrongly on his mind waking; but his reaſon ſtrove to diſperſe them; it was natural that the ſtory he had heard ſhould create theſe ideas, that they ſhould wait on him in his ſleep, and that every dream ſhould bear ſome relation to his deceaſed friend. The ſun dazzled his eyes, the birds ſerenaded him and diverted his attention, and a woodbine forced its way through the window, and regaled his ſenſe of ſmelling with its fragrance.—He aroſe, paid his devotions to heaven,

heaven, and then carefully deſcended the narrow ſtairs, and went out at the door of the cottage.—There he ſaw the induſtrious wife and daughter of old Wyatt at their morning work, the one milking her cow, the other feeding her poultry. He aſked for a draught of milk, which, with a ſlice of rye bread, ſerved to break his faſt. He walked about the fields alone, for old Wyatt and his two ſons were gone out to their daily labour. He was ſoon called back by the good woman, who told him that a ſervant from the baron waited to conduct him to the caſtle. He took leave of Wyatt's wife, telling her he would ſee her again before he left the country. The daughter fetched his horſe, which he mounted, and ſet forward with the ſervant, of whom he aſked many queſtions concerning his maſter's family. How long have you lived with the baron?—Ten years.—Is he a good maſter?—Yes ſir, and alſo a good huſband and father.—What family has he?—Three ſons and a daughter.—What age are they of?—The eldeſt ſon is in his ſeventeenth year, the ſecond in his ſixteenth, the others ſeveral years younger; but beſides theſe my lord has ſeveral young gentlemen brought up with his own ſons, two of which are his nephews; he keeps in his houſe a learned clerk to teach them languages; and as for all bodily exerciſes, none come near them; there is a fletcher to teach them the uſe of the croſs bow; a maſter to teach them to ride; another the uſe of the ſword; another learns them to dance; and then they wreſtle and run, and have ſuch activity in all their motions, that it does one good to ſee them; and my lord thinks nothing

nothing too much to beſtow on their education. Truly, ſays ſir Philip, he does the part of a good parent, and I honour him greatly for it; but are the young gentlemen of a promiſing diſpoſition?—yes indeed ſir, anſwered the ſervant, the young gentlemen, my lord's ſons are hopeful youths, but yet there is one who is thought to exceed them all, though he is the ſon of a poor labourer..—And who is he, ſaid the knight? one Edmund Twyford, the ſon of a cottager in our village, he is to be ſure as fine a youth as ever the ſun ſhone upon, and of ſo ſweet a diſpotion that nobody envies his good fortune.—What good fortune does he enjoy?—why ſir about two years ago, my lord, at his ſons requeſt, took him into his own family, and gives him the ſame education as his own children; the young lords doat upon him, eſpecially maſter William, who is about his own age. It is ſuppoſed they he will attend the young lords when they go to the wars, which my lord intends they ſhall bye and bye. What you tell me, ſaid ſir Philip, increaſes every minute my reſpect for your lord, he is an excellent father and maſter, he ſeeks out merit in obſcurity, he diſtinguiſhes and rewards it; I honour him with all my heart. In this manner they converſed together till they came within view of the caſtle. In a field near the houſe they ſaw a company of youths with croſs bows in their hands, ſhooting at a mark. There ſaid the ſervant, are our young gentlemen at their exerciſes. Sir Philip ſtopped his horſe to obſerve them, he heard two ot three of them cry out—Edmund is the victor—he wins the prize! I muſt, ſaid ſir Philip, take a view of

of this Edmund—he jumped off his horſe, gave the bridle to the ſervant, and walked into the field.—The young gentlemen came up, and paid their reſpects to him, he apologized for intruding upon their ſports, and aſked which was the victor, upon which the youth he ſpoke to, beckoned to another, who immediately advanced, and made his obeiſance,—as he drew near, ſir Philip fixed his eyes upon him, with ſo much attention, that he ſeemed not to obſerve his courteſy and addreſs.—at length he recollected himſelf, and ſaid, what is your name young man? Edmund Twyford, replied the youth, and I have the honour to attend upon the lord Fitz-Owen's ſons.—pray noble ſir, ſaid the youth who firſt addreſſed ſir Philip, are not you the ſtranger who is expected by my father?—I am ſir, anſwered he, and I go to pay my reſpects to him—will you excuſe our attendance ſir, we have not yet finiſhed our exerciſes—my dear youth, ſaid ſir Philip, no apology is neceſſary, but will you favour me with your proper name, that I may know to whoſe courteſy I am obliged—my name is William Fitz-Owen, that gentleman is my eldeſt brother, maſter Robert, that other my kinſman, maſter Richard Wenlock—very well, I thank you gentle ſir, I beg you not to ſtir another ſtep, your ſervant holds my horſe, farewel ſir, ſaid maſter William, I hope we ſhall have the pleaſure of meeting you at dinnet—the youths returned to their ſports, and ſir Philip mounted his horſe and proceeded to the caſtle; he entered it with a deep ſigh and melancholy recollections. The baron received him with the utmoſt reſpect and courteſy——

he gave a brief account of the principal events that had happened in the family of Lovel during his abſence;—he ſpoke of the late lord Lovel with reſpect, of the preſent with the affection of a brother.—Sir Philip in return gave a brief recital of his own adventures abroad, and of the diſagreeable circumſtances he had met with ſince his return home: he pathetically lamented the loſs of all his friends, not forgetting that of his faithful ſervant on the way; ſaying he could be contented to give up the world, and retire to a religious houſe, but that he was withheld by the conſideration, that ſome who depended entirely upon him, wou'd want his preſence and aſſiſtance, and beſide that, he thought he might be of ſervice to many others. The baron agreed with him in opinion, that a man was of much more ſervice to the world who continued in it, than one who retired from it, and gave his fortunes to the church, whoſe ſervants did not always make the beſt uſe of it.—Sir Philip then turned the converſation, and congratulated the baron on his hopeful family—he praiſed their perſons and addreſs, and warmly applauded the care he beſtowed on their education. He liſtened with pleaſure to the honeſt approbation of a worthy heart, and enjoyed the true happineſs of a parent—ſir Philip then made further enquiry concerning Edmund, whoſe appearance had ſtruck him with an impreſſion in his favour. That boy, ſaid the Baron, is the ſon of a cottager in this neighbourhood, his uncommon merit and gentleneſs of manners, diſtinguiſhes him from thoſe of his own claſs; from his childhood he attracted the notice and affection

tion of all that knew him, he was beloved every where but at his father's house, and there it should seem that his merits were his crimes; for the peasant his father hated him, treated him severely, and at length threatened to turn him out of doors—he used to run here and there on errands for my people, and at length they obliged me to take notice of him; my sons earnestly desired I would take him into my family, I did so about two years ago, intending to make him their servant, but his extraordinary genius and disposition has obliged me to look upon him in a superior light; perhaps I may incur the censure of many people, by giving him so many advantages, and treating him as the companion of my children;—his merit must justify or condemn my partiality for him, however I trust that I have secured to my children a faithful servant of the upper kind, and an useful friend to my family. Sir Philip warmly applauded his generous host, and wished to be a sharer in his bounty to that fine youth, whose appearance indicated all the qualities that had indeared him to his companions.

At the hour of dinner the young men presented themselves before their lord and his guest—sir Philip addressed himself to Edmund, he asked him many questions, and received modest and intelligent answers, and he grew every minute more pleased with him. After dinner the youths withdrew with their tutor to pursue their studies—sir Philip sat for some time, wrapt up in meditation. After some minutes, the baron asked him if he might not be favoured with the fruits of his contemplations—you shall my lord, answered he, for you have a right to

them—I was thinking that when many bleſſings are loſt, we ſhould cheriſh thoſe that remain, and even endeavour to replace the others—my lord, I have taken a ſtrong liking to that youth whom you call Edmund Twyford, —I have neither children nor relations to claim my fortune, nor ſhare my affections—your lordſhip has many demands upon your generoſity—I can provide for this promiſing youth without doing injuſtice to any one, will you give him to me? he is a fortunate boy, ſaid the baron, to gain your favour ſo ſoon. My lord, ſaid the knight, I will confeſs to you, that the firſt thing that touched my heart in his favour, is a ſtrong reſemblance he bears to a certain dear friend I once had, and his manner reſembles him as much as his perſon; his qualities deſerve that he ſhould be placed in a higher rank, I will adopt him for my ſon, and introduce him into the world as my relation, if you will reſign him to me, what ſay you?—ſir, ſaid the baron, you have made a noble offer, and I am too much the young man's friend to be a hindrance to his preferment—it is true that I had intended to provide for him in my own family, but I cannot do it ſo effectually as by giving him to you, whoſe generous affection being unlimited by other tyes, may in time perfer him to a higher ſtation as he ſhall deſerve it—I have only one condition to make, that the lad ſhall have his option, for I would not oblige him to leave my ſervice againſt his inclination.—you ſay well, replied ſir Philip, nor would I take him upon other terms—agreed then, ſaid the baron, let us ſend for Edmund hither. A ſervant was ſent to fetch

fetch him, he came immediately, and his lo thus beſpoke him—Edmund you own eternal obligations to this gentleman, who perceiving in you a certain reſemblance to a friend of his, and liking your behaviour, has taken a great affection for you, inſomuch that he deſires to receive you into his family—I cannot better provide for you than by diſpoſing of you to him, and if you have no objection you ſhall return home with him, when he goes from hence. The countenance of Edmund underwent many alterations during this propoſal of his lord, it expreſſed tenderneſs, gratitude, and ſorrow, but the laſt was predominant,—he bowed reſpectfully to the baron and ſir Philip, and after ſome heſitation ſpoke as follows—I feel very ſtrongly the obligations I owe to this gentleman, for his noble and generous offer—I cannot expreſs the ſenſe I have of his goodneſs to me, a peaſant boy, only known to him by my lord's kind and partial mention—this uncommon bounty claims my eternal gratitude. To you my honoured lord, I owe every thing, even this gentleman's good opinion—you diſtinguiſhed me when nobody elſe did, and next to you, your ſons are my beſt and deareſt benefactors, they introduced me to your notice. My heart is unalterably attached to this houſe and family, and my utmoſt ambition is to ſpend my life in your ſervice—but if you have perceived any great and grievous faults in me, that make you wiſh to put me out of your family, and if you have recommended me to this gentleman in order to be rid of me, in that caſe I will ſubmit to your pleaſure as I would if you ſhould ſentence me to death.——

During this ſpeech the tears made themſe'ves channels down Edmund's cheeks, and his two noble auditors catching the tender infection, wiped their eyes at the concluſion. My dear child, ſaid the baron, you overcome me by your tenderneſs and gratitude—I know of no faults you have committed, that I ſhould wiſh to be rid of you—I thought to do you the beſt ſervice by promoting you to that of ſir Philip Harclay, who is both able and willing to provide for you, but if you prefer my ſervice to his, I will not part with you. Upon this Edmund kneeled to the baron, he embraced his knees--my dear lord, I am and will be your ſervant, in preference to any man living, I only aſk your permiſſion to live and die in your ſervice—you ſee ſir Philip, ſaid the baron, how this boy engages the heart; how can I part with him? I cannot aſk you any more, anſwered ſir Philip, I ſee it is impoſſible, but I eſteem you both ſtill higher than ever, the youth for his gratitude, and your lordſhip for your noble mind and true generoſity, bleſſings attend you both! Oh ſir, ſaid Edmund, preſſing the hand of ſir Philip, do not think me ungrateful to you, I will ever remember your goodneſs, and pray to heaven to reward it——the name of ſir Philip Harclay ſhall be engraven upon my heart, next to my lord, and his family for ever. Sir Philip raiſed the youth and embraced him, ſaying, if ever you want a friend, remember me, and depend upon my protection, ſo long as you continue to deſerve it. Edmund bowed low and withdrew with his eyes full of tears of ſenſibility and gratitude.—When he was gone, ſir Philip ſaid, I am thinking

ing that tho' young Edmund wants not my assistance at present, he may hereafter stand in need of my friendship. I should not wonder if such rare qualities as he possesses, should one day create envy, and raise him enemies, in which case he might come to lose your favour, without any fault of yours or his own. I am obliged to you for the warning, said the baron, I hope it will be unnecessary, but if ever I part with Edmund, you shall have the refusal of him. I thank your lordship for all your civilities to me, I leave my best wishes with you and your hopeful family, and I humbly take my leave. Will you not stay one night in the castle? said my lord, you shall be as welcome a guest as ever.—I acknowledge your goodness and hospitality, but this house fills me with melancholy recollections, I came hither with a heavy heart, and it will not be lighter while I remain here.—I shall always remember your lordship with the highest respect and esteem, and I pray God to preserve you, and increase your blessings!

After some further ceremonies, sir Philip departed, and returned to old Wyatt's, ruminating on the vicissitude of human affairs, and thinking on the changes he had seen!—

At his return to Wyatt's cottage, he found the family assembled together—he told them he would take another night's lodging there, which they heard with great pleasure, for he had familiarised himself to them in the last evenings conversation, insomuch that they began to enjoy his company—he told Wyatt of the misfortune he had sustained by losing his servant on the way, and wished he could get one to attend him home in his place—young

John

John looked earneſtly at his father, he returned a look of approbation. I perceive one in this company, ſaid he, that would be proud to ſerve your honour; but I fear he is not brought up well enough.—John coloured with impatience, he could not forbear ſpeaking. Sir I can anſwer for an honeſt heart, a willing mind, and a light pair of heels, and though I am ſomewhat aukward, I ſhall be proud to learn, to pleaſe my noble maſter, if he will but try me. You ſay well, ſaid ſir Philip, I have obſerved your qualifications, and if you are deſirous to ſerve me, I am equally pleaſed with you, if your father has no objection I will take you—objection ſir, ſaid the the old man! it will be my pride to prefer him to ſuch a noble gentleman. I will make no terms for him, but leave it to your honour, to do for him as he ſhall deſerve. Very well, ſaid ſir Philip, you ſhall be no loſer by that, I will charge myſelf with the care of the young man. The bargain was ſtruck, and ſir Philip purchaſed a horſe for John of the old man. The next morning they ſet out, the knight left marks of his bounty with the good couple and departed laden with their bleſſing and prayers. He ſtopped at the place where his good ſervant was buried, and cauſed maſſes to be ſaid for the repoſe of his ſoul, went home by eaſy journeys, without meeting any thing remarkable by the way—his family rejoiced at his return, he ſettled his new ſervant in attendance upon his perſon, he then looked round his neighbourhood for objects of his charity—when he ſaw merit in diſtreſs, it was his delight to raiſe and ſupport it—he ſpent his time

time in the ſervice of his Creator, and glorified him in doing good to his creatures—— he reflected frequently upon every thing that had befallen him in his late journey to the weſt, and at his leiſure took down all the particulars in writing.

*Hear follows an interval of four years, as by the manuſcript, this omiſſion ſeems intended by the writer.*

ABOUT

ABOUT this time the prognoſticks of ſir Philip Harclay began to be verified, that Edmund's good qualities might one day excite envy and create him enemies—the ſons and kinſmen of his patron began to ſeek occaſion to find fault with him, and to depreciate him with others—the baron's eldeſt ſon and heir, maſter Robert, had ſeveral conteſts with maſter William the ſecond ſon upon his account. This youth had a warm affection for Edmund, and whenever his brother and kinſmen treated him ſlightly, he ſupported him againſt their malicious inſinuations. Mr. Richard Wenlock and John Markham were the ſiſters ſons of the lord Fitz-Owen, and there were ſeveral other more diſtant relations, who with them ſecretly envied Edmund's fine qualities, and ſtrove to leſſen him in the eſteem of the baron and his family—by degrees they excited a diſlike in maſter Robert, that in time was fixed into habit, and fell little ſhort of averſion.

Young Wenlock's hatred was confirmed by an additional circumſtance, he had a growing paſſion for the lady Emma, the baron's only daughter, and as love is eagle-eyed, he ſaw, or fancied he ſaw her caſt an eye of preference on Edmund. An accidental ſervice that ſhe received from him, had excited her grateful regards and attentions towards him. The inceſſant view of his fine perſon and qualities, had perhaps improved her eſteem into a ſtill ſofter ſenſation, though ſhe was yet ignorant of it, but thought it only the tribute due to gratitude and friendſhip.

One

One Chriſtmas time, the baron and all his family went to viſit a family in Wales—croſſing a ford, the horſe that carried the lady Emma, who rode behind her couſin Wenlock, ſtumbled and fell down, and threw her off into the water—Edmund diſmounted in a moment, and flew to her aſſiſtance—he took her out ſo quick, that the accident was not known to ſome part of the company—from this time Wenlock ſtrove to undermine Edmund in her eſteem, and ſhe conceived herſelf obliged in juſtice and gratitude to defend him againſt the malicious inſinuations of his enemies—ſhe one day aſked Wenlock why he in particular ſhould endeavour to recommend himſelf to her favour, by ſpeaking againſt Edmund, to whom ſhe was under great obligations—he made but little reply, but the impreſſion ſunk deep into his rancourous heart—every word in Edmund's behalf was like a poiſoned arrow that rankled in the wound, and grew every day more inflamed—ſometimes he would pretend to extenuate Edmund's ſuppoſed faults, in order to load him with the ſin of ingratitude upon other occaſions—rancour works deepeſt in the heart that ſtrives to conceal it, and when covered by art, frequently puts on the appearance of candour; by theſe means did Wenlock and Markham impoſe upon the credulity of maſter Robert and their other relations, only maſter William ſtood proof againſt all their inſinuations.——

The ſame autumn that Edmund compleated his eighteenth year, the baron declared his intention of ſending the young men of his houſe to France the following ſpring, to learn the

the art of war, and ſignalize their courage and abilities.

Their ill will towards Edmund was ſo well concealed, that his patron had not diſcovered it, but it was whiſpered among the ſervants, who are generally cloſe obſervers of the manners of their principals. Edmund was a favorite with them all, which was a ſtrong preſumption that he deſerved to be ſo, for they ſeldom ſhew much regard to dependents, or to ſuperiour domeſtics, who are generally objects of envy and diſlike. Edmund was courteous, but not familiar with them, and by this means gained their affections without ſoliciting them. Among them was an old ſerving man, called Joſeph Howell, this man had formerly ſerved the old lord Lovel, and his ſon, and when the young lord died, and ſir Walter ſold the caſtle to his brother-in-law, the lord Fitz-Owen, he only of all the old ſervants was left in the houſe, to take care of it, and to deliver it into the poſſeſſion of the new proprietor, who retained him in his ſervice—he was a man of few words but much reflection, without troubling himſelf about other peoples affairs, he went ſilently and properly about his own buſineſs—more ſolicitous to diſcharge his duty, than to recommend himſelf to notice, and not ſeeming to aſpire to any higher office than that of a ſerving man. This old man would fix his eyes upon Edmund, whenever he could do it without obſervation—ſometimes he would ſigh deeply, and a tear would ſtart from his eye, which he ſtrove to conceal from obſervation—one day Edmund ſurprized him in this tender emotion, as he was wiping his eyes with the back

back of his hand.—why ſaid he, my good friend, do you look at me ſo earneſtly and affectionately? becauſe I love you maſter Edmund, ſaid he, becauſe I wiſh you well, I thank you kindly, anſwered Edmund, I am unable to repay your love, otherwiſe than by returning it, which I do ſincerely. I thank you ſir, ſaid the old man, that is all I deſire, and more than I deſerve—do not ſay ſo, ſaid Edmund, if I had any better way to thank you, I would not ſay ſo much about it, but words are all my inheritance—upon this he ſhook hands with Joſeph, who withdrew haſtily to conceal his emotion, ſaying, God bleſs you maſter, and make your fortune equal to your deſerts!—I cannot help thinking you were born to a higher ſtation than what you now hold.—you know to the contrary, ſaid Edmund, but Joſeph was gone out of ſight and hearing.—the notice and obſervation of ſtrangers, and the affection of individuals, together with that inward conſciouſneſs that always attends ſuperior qualities, would ſometimes kindle the flames of ambition in Edmund's heart, but he checked them preſently by reflecting upon his low birth and dependant ſtation—he was modeſt yet intrepid, gentle and courteous to all, frank and unreſerved to thoſe that loved him, diſcreet and complaiſant to thoſe who hated him, generous and compaſſionate to the diſtreſſes of his fellow creatures in general, humble but not ſervile to his patron and ſuperiors.—once when he with a manly ſpirit juſtified himſelf againſt a malicious imputation, his young lord Robert taxed him with pride and arrogance to his kinſmen.

Edmund denied the charge againſt him with equal ſpirit and modeſty—maſter Robert anſwered him ſharply—how dare you contradict my couſins, do you mean to give them the lye? not in words ſir, ſaid Edmund, but I will behave ſo as that you ſhall not believe them—maſter Robert haughtily bad him be ſilent and know himſelf, and not preſume to contend with men ſo much his ſuperiors in every reſpect—theſe heart-burnings in ſome degree ſubſided by their preparations for going to France. Maſter Robert was to be preſented at court before his departure, and it was expected that he ſhould be knighted. The baron deſigned Edmund to be his eſquire, but this was fruſtrated by his old enemies, who perſuaded Robert to make choice of one of his own domeſtics, called Thomas Hewſon; him did they ſet up as a rival to Edmund, and he took every occaſion to affront him—all that maſter Robert gained by this ſtep, was the contempt of thoſe who ſaw Edmund's merit, and thought it want of diſcernment in him not to diſtinguiſh and reward it—Edmund requeſted of his lord that he might be maſter William's attendant, and when, ſaid he, my patron ſhall be knighted, as I make no doubt he ſhall one day, he has promiſed that I ſhall be his eſquire. —the baron granted Edmund's requeſt, and being freed from ſervitude to the reſt, he was devoted to that of his beloved maſter William, who treated him in public as his principal domeſtic, but in private as his choſen friend and brother.

The whole cabal of his enemies conſulted together in what manner they ſhould vent their re-

reſentment againſt him, and it was agreed that they ſhould treat him with indifference and neglect, till they ſhould arrive in France, and when there, they ſhould contrive to render his courage ſuſpected, and by putting him upon ſome deſperate enterprize, rid themſelves of him for ever. About this time died the great duke of Bedford, to the irreparable loſs of the Engliſh nation—he was ſucceeded by Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, as regent of France, of which great part had revolted to Charles the dauphin—frequent actions enſued—cities were loſt and won, and continual occaſions offered to exerciſe the courage and abilities of the youth of both nations.

The young men of baron Fitz-Owen's houſe were recommended particularly to the regent's notice. Maſter Robert was knighted, with ſeveral other young men of family who diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their ſpirit and activity upon every occaſion—the youth were daily employed in warlike exerciſes and frequent actions, and made their firſt eſſay in arms in ſuch a manner as to bring into notice all that deſerved it.

Various arts were uſed by Edmund's enemies to expoſe him to danger, but all their contrivances recoiled upon themſelves, and brought increaſe of honour upon Edmund's head; he diſtinguiſhed himſelf upon ſo many occaſions that ſir Robert himſelf began to pay him more than ordinary regard to the infinite mortification of his kinſmen and relations—they laid many ſchemes againſt him, but none took effect.

*From this place the characters in the manuſcript are effaced by time and moiſture—here and there*

*some sentences are legible but not sufficient to pursue the thread of the story. Mention is made of several actions in which the young men were engaged—— that Edmund distinguished himself by intrepidity in action, by gentleness, humanity and modesty in the cessations—that he attracted the notice of every person of observation, and also that he received personal commendation from the regent.*

*(The following incidents are clear enough to be transcribed, but the beginning of the next succeeding pages, is obliterated; however we may guess at the beginning by what remains.)*

AS ſoon as the cabal met in ſir Robert's tent, mr. Wenlock thus began. You ſee my friends that every attempt we make to humble this upſtart, turns into applauſe, to raiſe his pride ſtill higher—ſomething muſt be done, or his praiſe will go home before us, at our own expence, and we ſhall ſeem only foils to ſet off his glories—any thing would I give to the man who ſhould execute our vengeance upon him. Stop there couſin Wenlock, ſaid ſir Robert, though I think Edmund proud and vain-glorious, and would join in any ſcheme to humble him and make him know himſelf; I will not ſuffer any man to uſe ſuch baſe methods to effect it. Edmund is brave, and it is beneath an Engliſhman to revenge himſelf by unworthy means, if any ſuch are uſed I will be the firſt man to bring the guilty to juſtice, and if I hear another word to this purpoſe, I will inform my brother William, who will acquaint Edmund with your mean intentions. Upon this the cabal drew back, and mr. Wenlock proteſted that he meant no more than to mortify his pride, and make him know his proper ſtation, ſoon after ſir Robert withdrew, and they reſumed their deliberations.

Then ſpoke Thomas Hewſon, there is a party to be ſeut out tomorrow night, to intercept a convoy of proviſions for the relief of Rouen; I will provoke mr. Edmund to make one of this party, and when he is engaged in the action, I and my companions will draw off, and leave him to the enemy, who I truſt will ſo handle him, that you ſhall no more be troubled with him—this will do, ſaid mr. Wen-

lock, but let it be kept from my two couſins and only known to ourſelves, if they offer to be of the party, I will perſuade them off it; and you Thomas, if you bring this ſcheme to a concluſion, may depend upon my eternal gratitude—and mine, ſaid Markam, and ſo ſaid all. The next day the affair was publickly mentioned, and Hewſon, as he promiſed, provoked Edmund to the trial; ſeveral young men of family offered themſelves, among the reſt ſir Robert and his brother William. Mr. Wenlock perſuaded them not to go, and ſet the danger of the enterprize in the ſtrongeſt colours—at laſt ſir Robert complained of the tooth-ach, and was confined to his tent, Edmund waited on him, and judging by the ardor of his own courage of that of his patron, thus beſpoke him. I am greatly concerned dear ſir, that we cannot have your company at night, but as I know what you will ſuffer in being abſent, I would beg the favour of you to let me uſe your arms and device, and I will promiſe not to diſgrace them. No Edmund I cannot conſent to that, I thank you for your noble offer, and will remember it to your advantage, but I cannot wear honours of another man's getting; you have awakened me to a ſenſe of my duty, I will go with you, and contend with you for glory, and William ſhall do the ſame.

In a few hours they were ready to ſet out; Wenlock and Markham, and their dependants found themſelves engaged in honour to go upon an enterprize they never intended, and ſet out with heavy hearts to join the party.—they marched in ſilence in the horrors of a dark night,

night, and wet roads; they met the convoy where they expected, and a ſharp engagement enſued. The victory was ſome time doubtful, but the moon riſing on the backs of the Engliſh, gave them the advantage. They ſaw the diſpoſition of their enemies, and availed themſelves of it—Edmund advanced the foremoſt of the party, he drew out the leader on the French ſide, he ſlew him. Mr. William preſſed forward to aſſiſt his friend, ſir Robert to defend his brother—Wenlock and Markham from ſhame to ſtay behind.

Thomas Hewſon and his aſſociates drew back on their ſide, the French perceived it and perſued the advantage. Edmund puſhed them in front, the young nobles all followed him; they broke through the detachment, and ſtopped the waggons. The officer who commanded the party, encouraged them to go on; the defeat was ſoon compleat, and the proviſions carried in triumph to the Engliſh camp.

Edmund was preſented to the regent as the man to whom the victory was chiefly owing —not a tongue preſumed to lift itſelf againſt him, even malice and envy were ſilenced.

Approach young man, ſaid the regent, that I may confer upon you the honour of knighthood, which you have well deſerved.——Mr. Wenlock could no longer forbear ſpeaking, knighthood, ſaid he, is an order belonging to gentlemen, it cannot be conferred on a peaſant—what ſay you ſir, ſaid the regent, is this youth a peaſant? he is, ſaid Wenlock, let him deny it if he can. Edmund with a modeſt bow; it is true indeed I am a peaſant, and this

this honour is too great for me, I have only done my duty. The duke of York whoſe pride of birth equalled any man living or dead, ſheathed his ſword immediately. Though ſaid he, I cannot reward you as I intended, I will take care that you ſhall have a large ſhare in the ſpoils of this night, and I declare publickly that you ſtand firſt in the liſt of gallant men in this engagement.

Thomas Hewſon and his aſſociates made a poor figure in their return; they were publickly reproved for their backwardneſs. Hewſon was wounded in body, and more in mind, for the ill ſucceſs of his ill laid deſign. He could not hold up his head before Edmund, who unconſcious of their malice adminiſtered every kind of comfort to them. He ſpoke in their behalf to the commanding officer, imputing their conduct to unavoidable accidents. He viſited them privately, he gave them a part of the ſpoils allotted to himſelf, by every act of valour and courteſy, he ſtrove to engage thoſe hearts that hated, envied and maligned him, but where hatred ariſes from envy of ſuperior qualities, every diſplay of thoſe qualities increaſes the cauſe from whence it ariſes.

*Another pauſe enſues.*

The young nobles and gentlemen who diſtinguiſted Edmund, were prevented from raiſing him to preferment by the inſinuations of Wenlock and his aſſociates, he never failed to ſet before them his low deſcent, his pride and arrogance in preſuming to rank with gentlemen.

*Here*

*Here the manuſcript is not legible for a long way. There is mention about this time of the death of the lady Fitz-Owen, but not the cauſe. Wenlock rejoiced to find that his ſchemes took effect that they ſhould be recalled at the approach of winter. The baron was glad of a pretence to ſend for them home, for he could no longer endure the abſence of his children after the loſs of their mother.*

*The manuſcript again defaced by moiſture for many leaves, at length the letters come more legible, and the remainder of it is quite perfect every page.*

FROM

FROM the time the young men returned from France, the enemies of Edmund employed their utmoſt abilities to ruin him in the baron's opinion, and get him diſmiſſed from the family—they inſinuated a thouſand things againſt him that happened, as they ſaid, during his reſidence in France, and therefore could not be known to his maſter; but when the baron privately enquired of his two elder ſons, he found there was no truth in their reports. Sir Robert though he did not love him, ſcorned to join in untruths againſt him. Mr. William ſpoke of him with the warmth of fraternal affection—the baron perceived that his kinſmen diſliked Edmund, but his own good heart hindered him from ſeeing the baſeneſs of theirs—it is ſaid that continual dropping will wear away a ſtone, ſo did their inceſſant reports by inſenſible degrees produce a coolneſs in his patron's behaviour towards him—if he behaved with manly ſpirit, is was miſconſtrued into pride and arrogance, his generoſity was imprudence, his humility was hippocriſy, the better to cover his ambition—Edmund bore patiently all the indignities that were thrown upon him, and though he felt them ſeverely in his boſom, yet he ſcorned to juſtify his conduct at the expence of of even his enemies—perhaps his gentle ſpirit might at length have ſunk under this treatment, but providence interpoſed in his behalf, and by accidental circumſtances, conducted him imperceptibly towards the criſis of his fate.

Father Oſwald who had been preceptor to the young men, had a ſtrong affection for Edmund,

mund, from a thorough knowledge of his heart—he ſaw through the mean artifices that were uſed to undermine him in his patron's favour, he watched their machinations and ſtrove to fruſtrate their deſigns.

This good man uſed frequently to walk out with Edmund, they converſed upon various ſubjects, and the youth would lament to him the unhappineſs of his ſituation, and the peculiar circumſtances that attended him—the father by his wholeſome advice comforted his drooping heart, and confirmed his patience and fortitude to bear unavoidable evils, by conſcious innocence, and the aſſurance of a future and eternal reward.

One day as they were walking in a wood near the caſtle, Edmund aſked the father what meant the preparations for building, the cutting down trees and burning of bricks.—what ſaid Oſwald, have not you heard that my lord is going to build a new apartment on the weſt ſide of the caſtle, and why ſaid Edmund, ſhould my lord be at that expence when there is one on the eaſt ſide that is never occupied?—that apartment, ſaid the friar, you muſt have obſerved is always ſhut up; I have obſerved it often, ſaid Edmund, but I never preſumed to aſk any queſtions about it—you had then, ſaid Oſwald, leſs curioſity and more diſcretion than is common at your age. You have raiſed my curioſity, ſaid Edmund, and if it be not improper I beg you to gratify it—we are alone, ſaid Oſwald, and I am ſo well aſſured of your prudence, that I will explain this myſtery in ſome degree to you.

You

You muſt know that apartment was occupied by the laſt lord Lovel when he was a batchelor—he married in his father's life time, who gave up his own apartment to him, and offered to retire to this himſelf, but the ſon would not permit him, he choſe to ſleep here, rather than in any other; he had been married about three months when his father the old lord died of a fever; about twelve months after his marriage, he was called upon to attend the king, Henry the fouth, on an expedition into Wales, whither he was attended by many of his dependants—he left his lady big with child, and full of care and anxiety for his ſafety and return.

After the king had chaſtiſed the rebels, and obtained the victory, the lord Lovel was expected home every day—various reports were ſent home before him, one meſſenger brought an account of his health and ſafety—ſoon after another came with bad news, that he was ſlain in battle—his kinſman, ſir Walter Lovel came here on a viſit to comfort the lady, and he waited to receive his kinſman at his return.—it was he that brought the news of the ſad event of the battle to the lady Lovel.

She fainted away at the relation, but when ſhe revived, exerted the utmoſt reſolution, ſaying it was her duty to bear this dreadful ſtroke with chriſtian fortitude and patience, eſpecially in regard to the child ſhe went with, the laſt remains of her beloved huſband, and the undoubted heir of a noble houſe. For ſeveral days ſhe ſeemed an example of patience and reſignation, but then all at once ſhe renounced them, and broke out into paſſionate and frantic excla-

exclamations, ſhe ſaid that her dear lord was baſely murdered, that his ghoſt had appeared to her and revealed his fate—ſhe called upon heaven and earth to revenge her wrongs, ſaying ſhe would never ceaſe complaining to God and the king for vengeance and juſtice.

Upon this ſir Walter told the ſervants that lady Lovel was diſtracted, from grief for the death of her lord, that his regard for her was as ſtrong as ever, and that if ſhe recovered he would himſelf be her comforter and marry her. In the mean time ſhe was confined in this very apartment and in leſs than a month the poor lady died.—ſhe lies buried in the family vault in it. Auſtin's church in the village. Sir Walter took poſſeſſion of the caſtle and all the other eſtates, and aſſumed the title of lord Lovel.

Soon after it was reported that the caſtle was haunted, and that the ghoſts of lord and lady Lovel had been ſeen by ſeveral of the ſervants—whoever went into this apartment were terrified by uncommon noiſes and ſtrange appearances; at length this apartment was wholly ſhut up, and the ſervants were forbid to enter it, or to talk of any thing relating to it; however the ſtory did not ſtop here, it was whiſpered about that the new lord Lovel was ſo diſturbed every night that he could not ſleep in quiet, and being at laſt tired of the place, he ſold the caſtle and eſtate of his anceſtors, to his brother-in-law the lord Fitz-Owen who now enjoys it, and left this country.

All this is news to me, ſaid Edmund, but father, tell me what grounds there were for the lady's ſuſpicion that her lord died unfairly. —alas! ſaid Oſwald, that is only known to

God.—there was ſtrange thoughts in the minds of many at that time, I had mine, but I will not diſcloſe them, not even to you.—I will not injure thoſe who may be innocent, and I leave it to providence, who will doubtleſs in its own beſt time and manner puniſh the guilty.—but let what I have told you be as if you had never heard it.

I thank you for theſe marks of your eſteem and confidence, ſaid Edmund, be aſſured that I will not abuſe it, nor do I deſire to pry into ſecrets not proper to be revealed, I entirely approve your diſcretion, and acquieſe in your concluſion, that providence will in its own time vindicate its ways to man; if it were not for that truſt my ſituation would be inſupportable. I ſtrive earneſtly to deſerve the eſteem and favour of good men, I endeavour to regulate my conduct ſo as to avoid giving offence to any man, but I ſee with infinite pain that it is impoſſible for me to gain theſe points. I ſee it too with great concern, ſaid Oſwald, and every thing that I can ſay and do in your favour is miſconſtrued, and by ſeeking to do you ſervice, I loſe my own influence, but I will never give my ſanction to acts of injuſtice, nor join to oppreſs innocence. My dear child put your truſt in God, he who brought light out of darkneſs, can bring good out of evil.—I hope and truſt ſo, ſaid Edmund, but father, if my enemies ſhould prevail againſt me, if my lord ſhould believe their ſtories againſt me, and I ſhould be put out of the houſe with diſgrace what will become of me? I have nothing but my character to depend upon, if I loſe that I loſe every thing, and I ſee they ſeek no leſs

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than my ruin. Truſt in my lord's honour and juſtice, replied Oſwald, he knows your virtue, and he is not ignorant of their ill will towards you. I know my lord's juſtice too well to doubt, ſaid Edmund, but would it not be better to rid him of this trouble, and his family of an incumbrance, I would gladly do ſomething for myſelf, but cannot without my lord's recommendation, and ſuch is my ſituation, that I fear to aſk for a diſmiſſion would be accounted baſe ingratitude; beſide when I think of leaving this houſe, my heart reluctsagainſt it, and tells me I cannot be happy out of it; yet I think I could return to a peaſant's life with chearfulneſs, rather than live in a palace under diſdain and contempt. Have patience a little longer, my ſon, ſaid Oſwald, I will think of ſome way to ſerve you, and to repreſent your grievances to my lord, without offence to either; perhaps the cauſes may be removed, continue to obſerve the ſame irreproachable conduct, and be aſſured that heaven will defend your innocence and defeat the unjuſt deſigns of your enemies; let us now return home.

About a week after this conference, Edmund had walked out in the fields ruminating on the diſagreeable circumſtances of his ſituation. Inſenſible of the time he had been out ſeveral hours without perceiving how the day wore away, when he heard himſelf called by name ſeveral times; looking backward he ſaw his friend mr. William, and hallowed to him. He came running towards him, and leaping over the ſtyle, ſtood ſtill a while to recover his breath. What is the matter, ſir, ſaid Edmund, your looks beſpeaks ſome tidings of importance:

tance: with a look of tender concern and affection, the youth preſſed his hand and ſpoke. My dear Edmund, you muſt come home with me directly, your old enemies have united to ruin you with my father, my brother Robert has declared that he thinks there will be no peace in our family till you are diſmiſſed from it, and told my father, he hoped he would not break with his kinſmen rather than give up Edmund. But what do they lay to my charge? ſaid Edmund. I cannot rightly underſtand, anſwered William, for they make a great myſtery of it, ſomething of great conſequence they ſay, but they will not tell me what, however, my father has told them that they muſt bring their accuſation before your face, and he will have you anſwer them publickly; I have been ſeeking you this hour to inform you of this, that you might be prepared to defend yourſelf againſt your accuſers. God reward you ſir, ſaid Edmund, for all your goodneſs to me? I ſee they are determined to ruin me if poſſible; I ſhall be compelled to leave the caſtle, but whatever becomes of me, be aſſured you ſhall have no cauſe to bluſh for your kindneſs and partiality to your Edmund. I know it, I am ſure of it, ſaid William, and here I ſwear to you as Jonathan did to David, I beſeech heaven to bleſs me, as my friendſhip to you ſhall be ſteady and inviolable!—only ſo long as I ſhall deſerve ſo great a bleſſing, interrupted Edmund.—I know your worth and honour, continued William, and ſuch is my confidence in your merit, that I firmly believe heaven deſigns you for ſomething extraordinary, and I expect that ſome great and unforeſeen

ſeen event will raiſe you to the rank and ſtation to which you appear to belong; promiſe me therefore, that whatever may be your fate you will preſerve the ſame friendſhip for me that I bear to you. Edmund was ſo much affected that he could not anſwer but in broken ſentences. Oh my friend, my maſter, I vow, I promiſe, my heart promiſes!—he kneeled down with clapped hands and uplifted eyes. William kneeled by him, and they invoked the ſupreme to witneſs to their friendſhip and inplored his bleſſing upon it; they then roſe up and embraced each other, while tears of cordial affection bedewed their cheeks.

As ſoon as they were able to ſpeak, Edmund conjured his friend not to expoſe himſelf to the diſpleaſure of his family out of kindneſs to him. I ſubmit to the will of heaven, ſaid he, I wait with patience its diſpoſal of me, if I leave the caſtle I will find means to inform you of my fate and fortunes. I hope, ſaid William, that things may yet be accommodated, but do not take any reſolution, let us act as occaſions ariſe.

In this manner theſe amiable youths conferred, till they arrived at the caſtle. The baron was ſitting in the great hall on a high chair with a footſtep before, with the ſtate and dignity of a judge, before him ſtood father Oſwald, as pleading the cauſe for himſelf and Edmund. Round the baron's chair ſtood his eldeſt ſon and his kinſmen, with their principal domeſtics. The old ſervant, Joſeph, at ſome diſtance, with his head leaning forward as liſtening with the utmoſt attention to what paſſed. Mr. William approached the chair.—my lord,

I have found Edmund, and brought him to anſwer for himſelf.—you have done well, ſaid the baron.—Edmund come hither, you are charged with ſome indiſcretions, for I cannot properly call them crimes, I am reſolved to do juſtice between you and your accuſers, I ſhall therefore hear you as well as them, for no man ought to be condemned unheard. My lord, ſaid Edmund, with equal modeſty and intrepidity, I demand my trial, if I ſhall be found guilty of any crimes againſt my benefactor, let me be puniſhed with the utmoſt rigor.—but if as I truſt no ſuch charge can be proved againſt me, I know your goodneſs too well to doubt that you will do juſtice to me, as well as to others, and if it ſhould ſo happen that by the miſrepreſentations of my enemies (who have long ſought my ruin privately, and now avow it publickly) if by their artifices your lordſhip ſhould be induced to think me guilty, I would ſubmit to your ſentence in ſilence, and appeal to another tribunal. See, ſaid mr. Wenlock, the confidence of the fellow! he already ſuppoſes that my lord muſt be in the wrong if he condemns him, and then this meek creature will appeal to another tribunal, to whoſe will he appeal, I deſire he may be made to explain himſelf?—that I will immediately, ſaid Edmund, without being compelled, I only meant to appeal to heaven that beſt knows my innocence. 'Tis true, ſaid the baron, and no offence to any one; man can only judge by appearances, but heaven knows the heart; let every one of you bear this in mind, that you may not bring a falſe accuſation, nor juſtify yourſelves by concealing the truth.

truth. Edmund, I am informed that Oſwald and you have made very free with me and my family, in ſome of your converſations; you were heard to cenſure me for the abſurdity of building a new apartment on the weſt ſide of the caſtle when there was one on the eaſt ſide uninhabited, Oſwald ſaid, that apartment was ſhut up becauſe it was haunted, that ſome ſhocking murther had been committed there, adding many particulars concerning lord Lovel's family, ſuch as he could not know the truth of, and if he had known, was imprudent to reveal; but further you complained of ill treatment here, and mentioned an intention to leave the caſtle and ſeek your fortune elſewhere. I ſhall examine into all theſe particulars in turn, at preſent I deſire you Edmund, to relate all that you can remember of the converſation that paſſed between you and Oſwald in the wood laſt Monday. Good God, ſaid Edmund? is it poſſible that any perſon could put ſuch a conſtruction upon ſo innocent a converſation?

Tell me then, ſaid the baron the particulars of it? I will my lord as nearly as my memory will allow me.—accordingly he related moſt of the converſation that paſſed in the wood, but in the part that concerned the family of Lovel he abbreviated as much as poſſible. Oſwald's countenance cleared up, for he had done the ſame before Edmund came. The baron called to his eldeſt ſon, you hear, ſir Robert, what both parties ſay, I have heard them ſeparately, neither of them knew what the other would ſay, yet their accounts agree almoſt to a word. I confeſs they do ſo, anſwered ſir Robert, but ſir it is very bold and

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preſuming for them to ſpeak of our family affairs in ſuch a manner, if my uncle lord Lovel ſhould come to know it, he would puniſh them ſeverely, and if his honour is reflected upon, it becomes us to reſent and to puniſh it. Here mr. Wenlock broke out into paſſion and offered to ſwear to the truth of his accuſation. Be ſilent Dick, ſaid the baron, I ſhall judge for myſelf. I proteſt, ſaid he to ſir Robert, I never heard ſo much as Oſwald has now told me concerning the deaths of lord and lady Lovel, I think it is beſt to let ſuch ſtories alone till they die away of themſelves. I had indeed heard of an idle ſtory of the eaſt apartments being haunted when firſt I came hither, and my brother adviſed me to ſhut it up till it ſhould be forgotten; but what has now been ſaid, has ſuggeſted a thought that may make that apartment uſeful in future. I have thought of a puniſhment for Edmund that will ſtop the mouth of his accuſers for the preſent, and as I hope to eſtabliſh his credit with every body. Edmund will you undertake this adventure for me?—what adventure my lord, ſaid Edmund?—there is nothing I would not undertake to ſhow my gratitude and fidelity to you; as to my courage, I would ſhow that at the expence of my malicious accuſers, if reſpect to my lord's blood did not tie up my hands; as I am ſituated I beg it may be put to the proof in that way that is moſt for my maſter's ſervice. That is well ſaid, cried the baron, as to your enemies, I am thinking how to ſeparate you from them effectually, of that I ſhall ſpeak hereafter.—I am going to try Edmund's courage, he ſhall ſleep three nights

in

in the eaſt apartment, and that he may teſtify to all whether it be haunted or not; afterwards I will have that apartment ſet in order, and my eldeſt ſon ſhall take it for his own, it will ſpare me ſome expence and anſwer my purpoſe as well or better, will you conſent Edmund?—with all heart my lord, ſaid Edmund, I have not wilfully offended God or man, I have therefore nothing to fear.—brave boy! ſaid my lord, I am not deceived in you, nor ſhall you be deceived in your reliance on me, you ſhall ſleep in that apartment to night, and to morrow I will have ſome private talk with you.—do you Oſwald go with me, I want to have ſome converſation with you.—the reſt of you retire to your ſtudies and buſineſs, I will meet you at dinner.

Edmund retired to his own chamber, and Oſwald was ſhut up with the baron; he defended Edmund's cauſe and his own, and laid open as much as he knew of the malice and deſigns of his enemies.—the baron expreſſed much concern at the untimely deaths of lord and lady Lovel, and deſired Oſwald to be circumſpect in regard to what he had to ſay of the circumſtances of them; adding that he was both innocent and ignorant of any treachery towards either of them. Oſwald excuſed himſelf for his communications to Edmund, ſaying, they fell undeſignedly into the ſubject, and that he mentioned it in confidence to him only.

The baron ſent orders to the young men to come to dinner, but they refuſed to meet Edmund at table, according he ate in the ſteward's apartment.—after dinner the baron tried to reconcile his kinſmen to Edmund, but found it im-

impoſſible.—they found their deſigns laid open, and judging of him by themſelves, thought it impoſſible to forgive or be forgiven.—he ordered them to keep in ſeparate apartments, he took his eldeſt ſon for his own companion, as being the moſt reaſonable of the malecontents; he ordered his kinſmen to keep their own apartment, with a ſervant to watch their motions. Mr. William had Oſwald for his companion, he ordered old Joſeph to attend on Edmund, to ſerve him at ſupper, and at the hour of nine to conduct him to the haunted apartment. Edmund deſired that he might have a light and his ſword, leſt his enemies ſhould endeavour to ſurpriſe him.—the baron thought his requeſt reaſonable, and complied with it.

There was a great ſearch to find the key of the apartment at laſt it was diſcovered by Edmund himſelf among a parcel of old ruſty keys in a lumber room. The baron ſent the young men their ſuppers to their reſpective apartments.—Edmund declined eating, and deſired to be conducted to his apartment.—he was accompanied by moſt of the ſervants to the door of it, they wiſhed him ſucceſs, and prayed for him as if he had been going to execution.

The door was with great difficulty unlocked, and Joſeph gave Edmund a lighted lamp and wiſhed him a good night; he returned his good wiſhes to them all with the utmoſt chearfulneſs, took the key on the inſide the door and diſmiſſed them.

He then took a ſurvey of his chamber, the furniture by long neglect was decayed and dropping to pieces; the bed was devoured by the

the moths, and occupied by the rats, who had built their neſts there with impunity for many generations. The bedding was very damp, for the rain had forced its way through the ceiling, he determined therefore to lie down in his clothes. There were two doors on the further ſide of the room with keys in them; being not at all ſleepy, he reſolved to examine them, he attempted one lock and opened it with eaſe, he went into a large dining room, the furniture of which was in the ſame tattered condition; out of this was a large cloſet with ſome books in it, and hung round with coats of arms with genealogies and alliances of the houſe of Lovel; he amuſed himſelf here ſome minutes and then returned into the bedchamber.

He recollected the other door, and reſolved to ſee where it led to; the key was ruſted into the lock, and reſiſted his attempts, he ſet the lamp on the ground, and exerting all his ſtrength opened the door, and at the ſame inſtant the wind of it blew out the lamp, and left him in utter darkneſs.—at the ſame moment he heard a hollow ruſtling noiſe like that of a perſon coming through a narrow paſſage. Till this moment not one idea of fear had come near the mind of Edmund, but juſt then all the concurrent circumſtances of his ſituation ſtruck upon his heart, and gave him a new and diſagreable ſenſation.—he paused a while and recollecting himſelf, cried out aloud, what ſhould I fear, I have not wilfully offended God or man, why then ſhould I doubt protection: but I have not yet implored the divine aſſiſtance, how then can I expect it.—upon this he kneeled

kneeled down and prayed earneſtly, reſigning himſelf wholy to the will of heaven; while he was yet ſpeaking his courage returned, and he reſumed his uſual confidence; again he approached the door from whence the noiſe proceeded, he thought he ſaw a glimmering light upon a ſtaircaſe before him.—if, ſaid he, this apartment is haunted I will uſe my endeavours to diſcover the cauſe of it, and if the ſpirit appears viſibly, I will ſpeak to it.

He was preparing to deſcend the ſtaircaſe, when he heard ſeveral knocks at the door by which he firſt entered the room, and ſtepping backward the door was clapped too with great violence. Again fear attacked him, but he reſiſted it, and boldly cried out, who is there? —a voice at the outer door anſwered, 'tis I— Joſeph, your friend!—what do you want, ſaid Edmund?—I have brought you ſome wood to make a fire, ſaid Joſeph.—I thank you kindly, ſaid Edmund, but my lamp is gone out, I will try to find the door however.—after ſome trouble he found and opened it, and was not ſorry to ſee his friend Joſeph with a light in one hand and a flaggon of beer in the other, and a faggot upon his ſhoulder—I come, ſaid the good old man to bring you ſomething to keep up your ſpirits, the evening is cold, I know this room wants airing, and beſide that my maſter, I think your preſent undertaking requires a little aſſiſtance.

My good friend, ſaid Edmund, I never ſhall be able to deſerve or requite your kindneſs to me.—my dear ſir, you always deſerved more than I could do for you, and I think I ſhall yet live to ſee you defeat the deſigns of your enemies,

enemies, and acknowledge the ſervices of your friends.—alas, ſaid Edmund, I ſee little proſpect of that!—I ſee, ſaid Joſeph, ſomething that perſuades me you are deſigned for great things, and I perceive that things are working about to ſome great end; have courage my maſter, my heart beats ſtrangely high upon your account!—you make me ſmile, ſaid Edmund,—I am glad to ſee it ſir, may you ſmile all the reſt of your life.—I thank your honeſt affection, returned Edmund, though it is too partial to me,—you had better go to bed however, if it is known that you viſit me here, it will be bad for us both.—ſo I will preſently, but pleaſe God I will come here again to morrow night when all the family are a bed, and I will tell you ſome things that you never yet heard.—but pray tell me, ſaid Edmund, where does that door lead to? —upon a paſſage that ends in a ſtaircaſe that leads to the lower rooms, and there is likewiſe a door out of that paſſage into the dining room —and what rooms are there below ſtairs, ſaid Edmund? the ſame as above, replied he,—very well, then I wiſh you a good night, we will talk further to morrow. —aye to morrow night, and in this place my dear maſter.—why do you call me your maſter, I never was nor ever can be your maſter? —God only knows that, ſaid the good old man, good night, and heaven bleſs you!—— good night my worthy friend!

Joſeph withdrew, and Edmund returned to the other door and attempted ſeveral times to open it in vain, his hands were benumbed and tired, at length he gave over, he made a fire in the chimney, placed the lamp on a table,

opened one of the window ſhutters to admit the day-light; he then recommended himſelf to the divine protection, and threw himſelf upon the bed, he preſently fell aſleep, till the ſun ſaluted him with his orient beams through the window he had opened.

As ſoon as he was perfectly awake he ſtrove to recollect his dreams; he thought that he heard people coming up the ſtaircaſe that he had a glimpſe of; that the door opened, and there entered a warrior, leading a lady by the hand, who was young and beautiful, but pale and wan; the man was dreſſed in complete armour, and his helmet down; they approached the bed; they undrew the curtains; he thought the man ſaid, is this our child? the woman replied it is, and the hour approaches that he ſhall be known for ſuch; they then ſeparated, and one ſtood on each ſide of the bed. their hands met over his head, and they gave him a ſolemn benediction.—he ſtrove to riſe and pay them his reſpects, but they forbid him, and the lady ſaid, ſleep in peace, oh Edmund! for thoſe who are the true poſſeſſors of this apartment are employed in thy preſervation; ſleep on ſweet hope of a houſe that is thought paſt hope! upon this he thought they withdrew and went out at the ſame door by which they entered, and he heard them deſcend the ſtairs.—after this he thought he followed a funeral as chief mourner, he ſaw the whole proceſſion and heard the ceremonies performed; he was ſnatched away from this mournful ſcene to one of a contrary kind, a ſtately feaſt, at which he preſided, and he heard himſelf congratulated as a huſband and a fa-

a father; his friend William ſat by his ſide, and his happineſs was complete.—every ſucceeding idea was happineſs without allay, and his mind was not idle a moment till the morning ſun awakened him; he perfectly remembered his dreams, and meditated what all theſe things ſhould portend; am I then, ſaid he, not Edmund Tywford, but ſomebody of conſequence in whoſe fate ſo many people are intereſted. Vain thought, that muſt have ariſen from the partial ſuggeſtion of my two friends, mr. William and old Joſeph!

He lay reflecting upon his dreams, when a ſervant knocked at his door, and told him it was paſt ſix o'clock, and the baron expected him to breakfaſt in an hour; he roſe immediately, paid his tribute of thanks to heaven for its protection, and went from his chamber in high health and ſpirits.

He walked in the garden till the hour of breakfaſt, and then attended the baron. Good morrow, Edmund! ſaid he, how have you reſted in your new apartment? extremely well my lord, anſwered he. I am glad to hear it, ſaid the baron, but I did not know your accommodations were ſo bad, as Joſeph tells me they are. —'tis of no conſequence, ſaid Edmund, if they were much worſe I could diſpenſe with them for three nights.—very well, ſaid the baron, you are a brave lad, I am ſatisfied with you, and will excuſe the other two nights.—but my lord I will not be excuſed, no one ſhall have reaſon to ſuſpect my courage, I am determined to go through the remaining nights upon many accounts.—that ſhall be as you pleaſe, ſaid my lord.—I think of you as you deſerve,

ſo well that I ſhall aſk your advice by and by in ſome affairs of conſequence.—my life and ſervices are yours my lord, command them freely.—let Oſwald be called in, ſaid my lord, he ſhall be one of our conſultation.—he came. —the ſervants were diſmiſſed, and the baron ſpoke as follows. Edmund, when firſt I took you into my family it was at the requeſt of my ſons and kinſmen, I bear witneſs to your good behaviour, you have not deſerved to loſe their eſteem, but nevertheleſs I have obſerved for ſome years paſt, that all but my ſon William have ſet their faces againſt you; I ſee their meanneſs and I perceive their motives, but they are and muſt be my relations, and I would rather govern them by love than fear. I love and eſteem your virtues, I cannot give you up to gratify their humours; my ſon William has loſt the affections of the reſt, for that he bears to you, but he has increaſed my regard for him; I think myſelf bound in honour to him and you, to provide for you; I cannot do it as I wiſhed under my own roof, if you ſtay here I ſee nothing but confuſion in my family, yet I cannot put you out of it diſgracefully; I want to think of ſome way to prefer you, that you may leave this houſe with honour, and I deſire both of you to give me your advice in this matter. If Edmund will tell me what way I can employ him to his own honour and my advantage, I am ready to do it, let him propoſe, it and Oſwald ſhall moderate between us.

Here he ſtopped, and Edmund whoſe ſighs almoſt choaked him, threw himſelf at the baron's feet, and wet his hand with his tears.

oh,

oh, my noble generous benefactor!—do you condescend to consult such a one as me upon the state of your family? does your most amiable and beloved son incur the ill will of his brothers and kinsmen for my sake? what am I that I should disturb the peace of this noble family? oh my lord, send me away directly! I should be unworthy to live if I did not earnestly endeavour to restore your happiness; you have given me a noble education, and I trust I shall not disgrace it; if you will recommend me and give me a character, I fear not to make my own fortune. The baron wiped his eyes, I wish to do this my child, but in what way?—my lord, said Edmund, I will open my heart, I have served with credit in the army, and I should prefer a soldier's life. You please me well, said the baron, I will send you to France, and give you a recommendation to the regent, he knows you personally, and will prefer you for my sake and for your own merit.—my lord you overwhelm me with your goodness; I am but your creature and my life shall be devoted to your service.—but said the baron, how to dispose of you till the spring?—that said Oswald may be thought of at leisure, I am glad that you have resolved, and I congratulate you both,—the baron put an end to the conversation by desiring Edmund to go with him into the manage to see his horses.—he ordered Oswald to acquaint his son William with all that had passed, and to try to persuade the young men to meet Edmund and William at dinner.

The baron took Edmund with him into his manage to see some horses he had lately pur-

chaſed, while they were examining the beauties and defects of theſe noble and uſeful animals: Edmund declared that he preferred Caradoc, a horſe he had broke himſelf, to any other in my lord's ſtables.—then ſaid the baron, I will give him to you, you ſhall go upon him to ſeek your fortune.—he made new acknowledgements for this gift, and declared he would prize it highly for the giver's ſake.—but I ſhall not part with you yet, ſaid my lord, I will firſt carry all my points with theſe ſaucy boys, and oblige them to do you juſtice.—you have already done that, ſaid Edmund, and I will not ſuffer any of your lordſhip's blood to undergo any further humiliation upon my account.—I think, with humble ſubmiſſion to your better judgment, the ſooner I go hence the better.

While they were ſpeaking, Oſwald came to them, and ſaid that the young men had abſolutely refuſed to dine at the table if Edmund was preſent.—'tis well, ſaid the baron, I ſhall find a way to puniſh their contumacy hereafter, I will make them know that I am the maſter here.—Edmund and you Oſwald, ſhall ſpend the day in my apartment above ſtairs.—William ſhall dine with me alone, and I will acquaint him with our determination; my ſon Robert and his cabal ſhall be priſoners in the great parlour; Edmund ſhall according to his own deſire ſpend this and the following night in the haunted apartment, and this for his ſake and my own, for if I ſhould now contradict my former orders, it would ſubject us both to their impertinent reflections.

He

He then took Oſwald aſide, and charged him not to let Edmund go out of his ſight, for if he ſhould come in the way of thoſe implacable enemies, he trembled for the conſequences.—he then walked back to the ſtables, and the two friends returned into the houſe.

They had a long converſation on various ſubjects, in the courſe of it Edmund acquainted Oſwald with all that had paſſed between him and Joſeph the preceeding night, the curioſity he had raiſed in him, and his promiſe to gratify it the night following. I wiſh, ſaid Oſwald, you would permit me to be one of your party? how can that be, ſaid Edmund?—— we ſhall be watched perhaps, and if diſcovered, what excuſe can you make for coming there? beſide if it were known I ſhall be branded with the imputation of cowardice, and though I have borne much, I will not promiſe to bear that patiently.—never fear it, replied Oſwald, I will ſpeak to Joſeph about it, and after prayers are over and the family gone to bed, I will ſteal away from my own chamber and come to you, I am ſtrongly intereſted in your affairs, and I cannot be eaſy unleſs you will receive me into your company, I will bind myſelf to ſecrecy in any manner you ſhall enjoin,—your word is ſufficient, ſaid Edmund, I have as much reaſon to truſt you, father, as any man living, I ſhould be ungrateful to refuſe you any thing in my power to grant; but ſuppoſe the apartment ſhould really be haunted, would you have reſolution enough to perſue the adventure to a diſcovery?—I hope ſo, ſaid Oſwald, but have you any reaſon to believe it is?—I have, ſaid Edmund, but I have not

not opened my lips upon this ſubject to any creature but yourſelf; this night I purpoſe, if heaven permit, to go all over the rooms, and though I had formed this deſign, I will confeſs that your company will ſtrengthen my reſolution, I will have no reſerves to you in any reſpect, but I muſt put a ſeal upon your lips. Oſwald ſwore ſecrecy till he ſhould be permitted to diſcloſe the myſteries of that apartment, and both of them waited in ſolemn expectation the event of the approaching night.

In the afternoon mr. William was allowed to viſit his friend, an affecting interview paſſed between them, he lamented the neceſſity of Edmund's departure, and they took a ſolemn leave of each other, as if they foreboded it would be long e'er they ſhould meet again.

About the ſame hour as the preceeding evening, Joſeph came to conduct Edmund to his apartment. You will find better accommodations than you had laſt night, ſaid he, and all by my lord's own order. I every hour receive ſome new proof of his goodneſs, ſaid Edmund. When they arrived he found a good fire in the chamber, and a table covered with cold meats and a flaggon of ſtrong beer.—ſit down and get your ſupper my dear maſter, ſaid Joſeph, I muſt attend my lord, but as ſoon as the family are gone to bed I will viſit you again.—do ſo, ſaid Edmund, but firſt ſee father Oſwald, he has ſomething to ſay to you, you may truſt him, for I have no ſecrets from him. —well ſir I will ſee him if you deſire it, and I will come to you as ſoon as poſſible.—ſo ſaying he went his way and Edmund ſat down to ſupper.

After

After a moderate refreſhment he kneeled down and prayed with the greateſt fervency, he reſigned himſelf to the diſpoſal of heaven; I am nothing, ſaid he, I deſire to be nothing but what thou, O Lord, pleaſeſt to make me, if it is thy will that I ſhould return to my former obſcurity, be it obeyed with chearfulneſs! and if thou art pleaſed to exalt me, I will look up to thee as the only fountain of honour and dignity. While he prayed he felt an enlargement of heart beyond what he had ever experienced before; all idle fears were diſperſed, and his heart glowed with divine love and affiance; he ſeemed raiſed above the world and all its perſuits; he continued wrapt up in mental devotion, till a knocking at the door obliged him to riſe and let in his two friends, who came without ſhoes and on tiptoe to viſit him.

Save you my ſon, ſaid the friar, you look chearful and happy!—I am ſo father, ſaid Edmund, I have reſigned myſelf to the diſpoſal of heaven, and I find my heart ſtrengthened above what I can expreſs.—heaven be praiſed! ſaid Oſwald, I believe you are deſigned for great things my ſon.—what, do you too encourage my ambition? ſays Edmund, ſtrange concurrence of circumſtances! ſit down my friends, and do you my good Joſeph, tell me the particulars you promiſed laſt night, they drew their chairs round the fire and Joſeph began as follows.

You have heard of the untimely death of the late lord Lovel, my noble and worthy maſter, perhaps you may alſo have heard that from that time this apartment was haunted; what paſſed the other day, when my lord queſtioned

queſtioned you both on this head, brought all the circumſtances freſh into my mind; you ſaid there were ſuſpicions that he came not fairly to his end, I truſt you both and will ſpeak what I know of it; there was a perſon ſuſpected of this murther. and whom do you think it was?—you muſt ſpeak out, ſaid Oſwald.—why then ſaid Joſeph, it was the preſent lord Lovel.—you ſpeak my thoughts, ſaid Oſwald, but proceed to the proofs? I will, ſaid Joſeph, from the time that my lord's death was reported, there was ſtrange whiſperings and conſultations between the new lord and ſome of the ſervants; there was a deal of private buſineſs carried on in this apartment; ſoon after they gave out that my poor lady was diſtracted, but ſhe threw out ſtrong expreſſions that ſavoured nothing of madneſs; ſhe ſaid that the ghoſt of her departed lord had appeared to her, and revealed the circumſtances of this murther.—none of the ſervants but one were permitted to ſee her. At this very time ſir Walter, the new lord, had the cruelty to offer love to her, he urged her to marry him, and one of her women overheard her ſay, ſhe would ſooner die than give her hand to the man who cauſed the death of her lord; ſoon after this we were told my lady was dead. The lord Lovel made a publick and ſumptuous funeral for her.—that is true, ſaid Oſwald, for I was a novice and aſſiſted at it.

Well, ſays Joſeph, now comes my part of the ſtory. As I was coming home from the burial I overtook Roger our plowman.—ſaid he, what think you of this burying?—what ſhould I think,

I think, said I, but that we have lost the best master and lady that we shall ever know?—God he knows, quoth Roger, whether they be living or dead, but if ever I saw my lady in my life, I saw her alive the night they say she died.—I tried to convince him that he was mistaken, but he offered to take his oath, that the very night they said she died, he saw her come out at the garden gate into the fields, that she often stopped like a person in pain, and then went forward again until he lost sight of her.—now it is certain that her time was out, and she expected to lay down every day, and they did not pretend that she died in childbed. I thought upon what I heard, but nothing I said.—Roger told the same story to another servant; so he was called to an account, the story was hushed up, and the foolish fellow said, he was verily persuaded it was her ghost that he saw. Now you must take notice that from this time, they began to talk about that this apartment was troubled, and not only this, but at last the new lord could not sleep in quiet in his own room, and this induced him to sell the castle to his brother-in-law, and get out of this country as fast as possible.—he took most of the servants away with him, and Roger among the rest.—as for me, they thought I knew nothing, and so they left me behind. but I was neither blind nor deaf, though I could hear and see, and say nothing.

This is a dark story, said Oswald, it is so said Edmund, but why should Joseph seem to think it concerns me in particular?—ah dear sir, said Joseph, I must tell you, though I never

ver uttered it to mortal man before, the ſtriking reſemblance this young man bears to my dear lord, the ſtrange diſlike his reputed father took to him, his gentle manners, his generous heart, his noble qualities ſo uncommon in thoſe of his birth and breeding, the ſound of his voice—you may ſmile at the ſtrength of my fancy, but I cannot put it out of my mind but that he is my own maſter's ſon.

At theſe words Edmund changed colour and trembled, he clapped his hand upon his breaſt and looked up to heaven in ſilence, his dream recurred to his memory, and ſtruck upon his heart.—he related it to his attentive auditors. The ways of providence are wonderful, ſaid Oſwald, if this be ſo, heaven in its own time will make it appear.

Here a ſilence of ſeveral minutes enſued, when ſuddenly they were awakened from their reverie by a violent noiſe in the rooms underneath them.—it ſeemed like the claſhing of arms, and ſomething ſeemed to fall down with violence

They ſtarted, and Edmund roſe up with a look full of reſolution and intrepidity.—I am called! ſaid he, I obey the call!—he took up a lamp and went to the door that he had opened the night before. Oſwald followed with his roſary in his hand, and Joſeph laſt with trembling ſteps.—the door opened with eaſe, and they deſcended the ſtairs in profound ſilence.

The lower rooms anſwered exactly to thoſe above; there were two parlours and a large cloſet.—they ſaw nothing remarkable in theſe rooms, except two pictures that were turned with

with their faces to the wall.—Joſeph took the courage to turn them, theſe, ſaid he, are the portraits of my late lord and lady.—father, look at this face, do you know who is like it. —I ſhould think, ſaid Oſwald, it was done for Edmund; I am, ſaid Edmund, ſtruck with the reſemblance myſelf, but let us go on, I feel myſelf inſpired with unuſual courage, let us open the cloſet door.—Oſwald ſtopped him ſhort, take heed, ſaid he, leſt the wind of the door put out the lamp.—I will open this door, he attempted it without ſucceſs, Joſeph did the ſame, but to no purpoſe; Edmuud gave the lamp to Joſeph, he approached the door, tried the key, and it gave way to his hand in a moment.—this adventure belongs. ſaid he, to me only, that is plain, bring the lamp forward.—Oſwald repeated the paternoſter, in which they all joined, and then entered the cloſet.

The firſt thing that preſented itſelf to their view was a compleat ſuit of armour that ſeemed to have fallen down on an heap.—— behold, ſaid Edmund! this made the noiſe we heard above; they took it up and examined it piece by piece; the inſide of the breaſt-plate was ſtained with blood.—ſee here, ſaid Edmund, what think you of this?—'tis my lord's armour, ſaid Joſeph, I know it well, here has been bloody work in this cloſet; coming forward he ſtumbled over ſomething, it was a ring with the arms of Lovel engraven upon it. —this is my lord's ring, ſaid Joſeph, I have ſeen him wear it, I give it to you, ſir, as the right owner, and moſt religiouſly do I believe you his ſon. Heaven only knows that, ſaid

Edmund, and if it permits, I will know who was my father before I am a day older.—while he was ſpeaking he ſhifted his ground, and perceived that the boards roſe up on the other ſide the cloſet; upon farther examination they found that the whole floor was looſe, and a table that ſtood over them concealed the circumſtance from a caſual obſerver.—I perceive, ſaid Oſwald, that ſome great diſcovery is at hand.—God defend us! ſaid Edmund, but I verily believe that the perſon that owned this armour lies buried under us.—upon this a diſmal hollow groan was heard as if from underneath.—a ſolemn ſilence enſued, and marks of fear were viſible upon all three, the groan was thrice heard, Oſwald made ſigns for them to kneel, and he prayed audibly, that heaven would direct them how to act, he alſo prayed for the ſoul of the departed, that it might reſt in peace; after this he aroſe, but Edmund continued kneeling, he vowed ſolemnly to devote himſelf to the diſcovery of this ſecret, and the avenging the death of the perſon there buried; he then roſe up; it would be to no purpoſe for us to examine further, now when I am properly authorized I will have this place opened, I truſt that time is not far off.—I believe it, ſaid Oſwald, you are deſigned by heaven to be its inſtrument in bringing this deed of darkneſs to light; we are your creatures, only tell us what you would have us do, and we are ready to obey your commands.—I only demand your ſilence, ſaid Edmund, till I call for your evidence, and then you muſt ſpeak all you know, and all you ſuſpect.—oh, ſaid Joſeph, that I may but live to ſee that day,

day, and I ſhall have lived long enough!—— come, ſaid Edmund, let us return up ſtairs, and we wilt conſult further how I ſhall proceed, and ſo ſaying he went out of the cloſet and they followed him, he locked the door and took the key out; I will keep this, ſaid he, till I have power to uſe it to purpoſe, leſt any one ſhould preſume to pry into the ſecret of this cloſet, I will always carry it about me, to remind me of what I have undertaken.

Upon this they all returned up ſtairs into the bed chamber, all was ſtill and they heard nothing more to diſturb them.—how, ſaid Edmund, is it poſſible that I ſhould be the ſon of lord Lovel? for however circumſtances have ſeemed to encourage ſuch a notion, what reaſon have I to believe it?—I am ſtrangely puzzled about it, ſaid Oſwald.—it ſeems unlikely that ſo good a man as lord Lovel ſhould corrupt the wife of a peaſant his vaſſal, and eſpecially being ſo lately married to a lady with whom he was paſſionately in love.—hold there, ſaid Joſeph, my lord was incapable of ſuch an action, if maſter Edmund is the ſon of my lord, he is alſo the ſon of my lady.—how can that be, ſaid Edmund?—I don't know how, ſaid Joſeph, but there is a perſon who can tell if ſhe will; I mean Margery Twyford, who calls herſelf your mother.—you meet my thoughts, ſaid Edmund, I had reſolved before you ſpoke to viſit her, and to interrogate her on the ſubject, I will aſk my lord's permiſſion to go this very day.—that is right, ſaid Oſwald, but be cautious and prudent in your enquiries.—if you, ſaid Edmund, would bear my company I ſhould do better, ſhe might think her-

ſelf obliged to anſwer your queſtions, and being leſs intereſted in the event, you would be more diſcreet in your interrogations.—that I will moſt readily, ſaid he, and I will aſk my lord's permiſſion for us both.—this point is well determined, ſaid Joſeph, I am impatient for the reſult, and I believe my feet will carry me to meet you whether I conſent or not.—I am as impatient as you, ſaid Oſwald, but let us be ſilent as the grave, and let not a word or look indicate any thing knowing or myſterious.

The day light began to dawn upon their conference, and Edmund obſerving it, begged his friends to withdraw in ſilence.—they did ſo, and left Edmund to his own rec llections. His thoughts were too much employed for ſleep to approach him, he threw himſelf upon the bed, and lay meditating how he ſhould proceed; a thouſand ſchemes were offered and rejected, but he reſolved at all events to leave baron Fitz-Owen's family the firſt opportunity that offered.

He was ſummoned as before to attend my lord at breakfaſt, during which, he was ſilent, abſent and reſerved.—my lord obſerved it, and rallied him, enquiring how he had ſpent the night.—in reflecting upon my ſituation, my lord, and in laying plans for my future conduct. Oſwald took the hint and aſked permiſſion to viſit Edmund's mother in his company, and acquaint her with his intentions of leaving the country ſoon. He conſented freely, but ſeemed unreſolved about Edmund's departure.

They

They ſet out directly, and Edmund went haſtily to old Twyford's cottage, and declared that every field ſeemed a mile to him.—reſtrain your warmth my ſon, ſaid Oſwald, compoſe your mind and recover your breath before you enter upon a buſineſs of ſuch conſequence. Margery met them at the door, and aſked Edmund what wind blew him thither? is it ſo very ſurprizing, ſaid he, that I ſhould viſit my parents? yes it is, ſaid ſhe, conſidering the treatment you have met with from us, but ſince Andrew is not in the houſe I may ſay I am glad to ſee you; Lord bleſs you what a fine youth you be grown! 'tis a long time ſince I ſaw you, but that is not my fault, many a croſs word and many a blow have I had on your account, but I may now venture to embrace my dear child. Edmund came forward and embraced her fervently, the ſtarting tears on both ſides evinced their affection; and why, ſaid he, ſhould my father forbid you to embrace your child, what have I ever done to deſerve his hatred? nothing my dear boy, you were always good and tender hearted, and deſerved the love of every body. It is not common, ſaid Edmund, for a parent to hate his firſt born ſon without his having deſerved it.—that is true, ſaid Oſwald, it is uncommon, it is unnatural, nay I am of opinion it is almoſt impoſſible. I am ſo convinced of this truth, that I believe the man who thus hates and abuſes Edmund, cannot be his father. In ſaying this he obſerved her countenance attentively, ſhe changed colour apparently; come, ſaid he, let us ſit down, and do you Margery anſwer to what I have ſaid? bleſſed virgin, ſaid Margery,

gery, what does your reverence mean, what do you ſuſpect? I ſuſpect, ſaid he, that Edmund is not the ſon of Andrew your huſband. Lord bleſs me, ſaid ſhe, what is it you do ſuſpect? —do not evade my queſtion woman! I am come here by authority to examine you upon this point. The woman trembled every joint, would to heaven, ſaid ſhe, that Andrew was at home! it is much better as it is, ſaid Oſwald, you are the perſon we are to examine. Oh, father, ſaid ſhe, do you think that I—that I—that I am to blame in this matter? what have I done?—do you, ſir, ſaid he, aſk your own queſtions; upon this Edmuud threw himſelf at her feet, and embraced her knees.—oh my mother, ſaid he, for as ſuch my heart owns you, tell me for the love of heaven! tell me who was my father?—gracious heaven! ſaid ſhe, what will become of me?—woman, ſaid Oſwald, confeſs the truth or you ſhall be compelled to do it; by whom had you this youth?—who I, ſaid ſhe, I had him! no father I am not guilty of the black crime of adultery, God he knows my innocence, I am not worthy to be the mother of ſuch a ſweet youth as that is.—you are not his mother then, nor Andrew his father?—oh what ſhall I do ſaid Margery, Andrew will be the death of me!—no he ſhall not, ſaid Edmund, you ſhall be protected and rewarded for the diſcovery. Goody, ſaid Oſwald, confeſs the whole truth and I will protect you from harm and from blame, you may be the means of making Edmund's fortune, in which caſe he will certainly provide for you; on the other hand, by an obſtinate ſilence you will deprive yourſelf of

of all advantages you might receive from the diſcovery, and beſide, you will ſoon be examined in a different manner, and be obliged to confeſs all you know, and nobody will thank you for it.—ah, ſaid ſhe, but Andrew beat me the laſt time I ſpoke to Edmund, and told me he would break every bone in my ſkin if ever I ſpoke to him again.—he knows it then, ſaid Oſwald? he know it, Lord help you, it was all his own doing.—tell us then, aid Oſwald, for Andrew ſhall never know it, till it is out of his power to puniſh you.—'tis a long ſtory, ſaid ſhe, and cannot be told in a few words.—it will never be told at this rate, ſaid he, ſit down and begin it inſtantly.—my fate depends upon your words, ſaid Edmund, —my ſoul is impatient of the ſuſpence! if ever you loved me and cheriſhed me, ſhow it now, and tell while I have breath to aſk it.

He ſat in extreme agitation of mind, his words and actions were equally expreſſive of his inward emotions.—I will, ſaid ſhe, but I muſt try to recollect all the circumſtances. You muſt know young man, that you are juſt one and twenty years of age.—on what day was he born, ſaid Oſwald.—the day before yeſterday, ſaid ſhe, the 21ſt. of September.—a remarkable æra, ſaid he.—'tis ſo indeed, ſaid Edmund, oh that night! that apartment! —be ſilent, ſaid Oſwald, and do you Margery begin your ſtory.

I will, ſaid ſhe, juſt one and twenty years ago, on that very day, I loſt my firſt born ſon, I got a hurt by over-reaching myſelf when I was near my time, and ſo the poor child died; and ſo as I was ſitting all alone, and very melancholy,

lancholy, Andrew came home from work.—ſee Margery, ſaid he, I have brought you a child inſtead of that you have loſt; ſo he gave me a bundle as I thought, but ſure enough it was a child, a poor helpleſs babe juſt born, and only rolled up in a fine handkerchief, and over that a rich velvet cloak trimmed with gold lace.—and where did you find this, ſaid I.—upon the foot bridge, ſays he, juſt below the clay field; this child, ſaid he, belongs to ſome great folk, and perhaps it may be enquired after one day and may make our fortunes; take care of it, ſaid he, and bring it up as if it was your own The poor infant was cold, and it cried, and looked up at me ſo pitifully, that I loved it; beſide my milk was troubleſome to me, and I was glad to be eaſed of it, ſo I gave it the breaſt, and from that hour I loved the child as if it were my own, and ſo I do ſtill if I dared to own it.——and is this all you know of Edmund's birth, ſaid Oſwald.—no not all, ſaid Margery, but pray look out and ſee whether Andrew is coming, for I am all over in a twitter.—he is not, ſaid Oſwald, go on I beſeech you!——this happened, ſaid ſhe, as I told you on the 21ſt. on the morrow my Andrew went out early to work, along with one Robin Rouſe, our neighbour, they ha not been gone above an hour when they both came back ſeemingly very much frightened; ſays Andrew, go you Robin and borrow a pick-axe at neighbour Styles's.—what is the matter now, ſaid I?——matter enough, quoth Andrew! we may come to be hanged perhaps, as many an innocent man have before us.—tell me what is the matter, ſaid

ſaid I? I will, ſaid he, but if ever you open your mouth about it, woe be to you! I never will, ſaid I, but he made me ſwear by all the bleſſed ſaints in the calendar; and then he told me, that as Robin and he were going over the foot bridge, where he found the child the evening before, they ſaw ſomething floating upon the water, ſo they followed it, till it ſtuck againſt a ſtake, and found it to be the dead body of a woman: as ſure as you are alive Madge, ſaid he, this was the mother of the child I brought home.——merciful God, ſaid Edmund! am I the child of that hapleſs mother?—be compoſed, ſaid Oſwald, proceed, good woman, the time is precious.—and ſo, ſaid ſhe, Andrew told me they dragged the body out of the river, and it was richly dreſſed, and muſt be ſomebody of conſequence.—I ſuppoſe, ſaid he, when the poor lady had taken care of her child, ſhe went to find ſome help, and the night being dark her foot ſlipped and ſhe fell iuto the river and was drowned.

Lord have mercy, ſaid Robin, what ſhall we do with the dead body, we may be taken up for the murther, what had we to do to meddle with it?—ay, but, ſays Andrew, we muſt have ſomething to do with it now, and our wiſeſt way is to bury it.—Robin was ſadly frightened, but at laſt they agreed to carry it into the wood aud bury it there; ſo they came home for a pick-axe and ſhovel.—well, ſaid I Andrew, but will you bury all the rich clothes you ſpeak of?—why, ſaid he, it would be both a ſin and a ſhame to ſtrip the dead.—ſo it would, ſaid I, but I will give you a ſheet to wrap the body in, and you may take off her upper

upper garments, and any thing of value, but do not ſtrip her to the ſkin for any thing,—— well ſaid wench! ſaid he, I will do as you ſay, ſo I fetched a ſheet and by that time Robin was come back, and away they went together.

They did not come back again till noon, and then they ſat down and ate a morſel together.—ſays Andrew, now we may ſet down and eat in peace.—ay, ſays Robin, and ſleep in peace too, for we have done no harm.—no to be ſure, ſaid I, but yet I am much concerned that the poor lady had not chriſtian burial.—never trouble thyſelf about that, ſaid Andrew, we have done the beſt we could for her, but let us ſee what we have got in our bags, we muſt divide them; ſo they opened their bags and took out a fine gown and a pair of rich ſhoes, but beſides theſe, there was a fine necklace with a golden locket and a pair of earings.—ſays Andrew, and winked at me, I will have theſe, and you may take the reſt.—Robin ſaid he was ſatisfied, and ſo he went his way; when he was gone, here you fool, ſays Andrew, take theſe and keep them as ſafe as the bud of your eye, if ever young maſter is found, theſe will make our fortune.—and have you them now, ſaid Oſwald.—yes that I have, anſwered ſhe, Andrew would have ſold them long ago, but I always put him off it.—heaven be praiſed, ſaid Edmund!—huſh, ſaid Oſwald, let us not loſe time, proceed goody!—nay ſaid Margery, I have not much more to ſay.—we looked every day to hear ſome enquiries after the child, but nothing paſſed, nobody was miſſing.

—did

—did nobody of note die about that time, ſaid Oſwald.—why yes, ſaid Margery, the widow lady Lovel died that ſame week, by the ſame token Andrew went to the funeral and brought home a 'ſcutcheon, which I keep unto this day.—very well, go on.—my huſband behaved well enough to the boy till ſuch time as he had two or three children of his own, and then he began to grumble, and ſay it was hard to maintain other folks children, when he found it hard enough to keep his own. I loved the boy quite as well as my own; often and often have I pacified Andrew, and made him to hope that he ſhould one day or other be paid for his trouble, but at laſt he grew out of patience, and gave over all hopes of that kind.

As Edmund grew up, he grew ſickly and tender, and could not bear hard labour, and that was another reaſon why my huſband could not bear with him.—if, quoth he, the boy could earn his living I did not care, but I muſt bear all the expence. There came an old pilgrim into our parts, he was a ſcholar and had been a ſoldier, and he taught Edmund to read, then he told him hiſtories of wars, and knights, and lords, and great men, and Edmund took ſuch delight in hearing him, that he would not take to any thing elſe.

To be ſure Edwin was a pleaſant companion, he would tell old ſtories and ſing old ſongs that one could have ſat all night to hear him; but as I was a ſaying, Edmund grew more and more fond of reading and leſs of work; however he would run of errands and do many hand turns for the neighbours, and he was o courteous a lad that people took notice of him.

Andrew

Andrew once catched him alone reading, and then told him, that if he did not find ſome way to earn his bread, he would turn him out of doors in a very ſhort time, and ſo he would have done ſure enough, if my lord Fitz-Owen had not taken him into his ſervice juſt in the nick.

Very well goody, ſaid Oſwald, you have told your ſtory very well, I am glad for Edmund's ſake, that you can do it properly; but now, can you keep a ſecret?—why ant pleaſe your reverence, I think I have ſhowed you that I can.—but can you keep it from your huſband?—aye, ſaid ſhe, ſurely I can, for I dare not tell it him—that is a good ſecurity, ſaid he, but I muſt have a better.——you muſt ſwear upon this book not to diſcloſe any thing that has paſſed between us three, till we deſire you to do it, be aſſured you will ſoon be called upon for this purpoſe, Edmund's birth is near the diſcovery, he is the ſon of parents of high degree, and it will be in his power to make your fortune when he takes poſſeſſion of his own.

Holy virgin! what is it you tell me?—how you rejoice me to hear, that what I have ſo long prayed for will come to paſs!—ſhe took the oath required, ſaying after Oſwald.—now, ſaid he, go and fetch the tokens you have mentioned.

When ſhe was gone, Edmund's paſſions long ſuppreſſed. broke out in tears and exclamations, he kneeled down, and with his hands claſped together, returned thanks to heaven for the diſcovery; Oſwald begged him to be compoſed, leſt Margery ſhould perceive his agitation

agitation and misconstrue the cause.—She soon returned with the necklace and earings; they were pearls of great value, and the necklace had a locket on which the cypher of Lovel was engraved.—this, said Oswald, is indeed a proof of consequence, keep it sir, for it belongs to you.—must he take it away, said she? certainly, said he, we can do nothing without it; but if Andrew should ask for it, you must put him off it for the present, and hereafter he will find his account in it.—Margery consented reluctantly to part with the jewels, and after some further conversation they took leave of her.—Edmund embraced her affectionately.—I thank you with my whole heart, said he, for all your goodness to me! though I confess I never felt much regard for your husband, for you I had always the tender affection of a son; you will, I trust, give your evidence in my behalf when called upon, and I hope it will one day be in my power to reward your kindness, in that case I will own you as my foster-mother and you shall always be treated as such.——Margery wept.—the Lord grant it, said she, and I pray him to have you in his holy keeping.—farewell my dear child! Oswald desired them to separate for fear of intrusion, and they returned to the castle. Margery stood at the door of her cottage looking every way to see if the coast was clear.

Now, sir, said Oswald, I congratulate you as the son of lord and lady Lovel! the proofs are strong and indisputable.—to us they are so, said Edmund, but how shall we make them so to others? and what are we to think of the funeral of lady Lovel?—as of a fiction, said

Oſwald, the work of the preſent lord, to ſecure his title and fortune.—and what means can we uſe to diſpoſeſs him, ſaid Edmund, he is not a man for a poor youth like me to contend with?—doubt not, ſaid Oſwald, but heaven, who has evidently conducted you by the hand thus far, will compleat its own work, for my part I can only wonder and adore!—give me your advice then, ſaid Edmund, for heaven aſſiſts us by natural means.

It ſeems to me, ſaid Oſwald, that your firſt ſtep muſt be to make a friend of ſome great man, of conſequence enough to eſpouſe your cauſe, and to get this affair examined into by authority.—Edmund ſtarted and croſſed himſelf.—he ſuddenly exclaimed, a friend!—yes, I have a friend! a powerful one too, one ſent by heaven to be my protector, but whom I have too long neglected.—who can that be? ſaid Oſwald.—who ſhould it be, ſaid Edmund, but that good ſir Philip Harclay, the choſen friend of him, whom I ſhall from henceforward call my father.—'tis true indeed, ſaid Oſwald, and this is a freſh proof of what I before obſerved, that heaven aſſiſts you, and will compleat its own work.—I think ſo myſelf, ſaid Edmund, and rely upon its direction, I have already determined on my future conduct which I will communicate to you. My firſt ſtep ſhall be to leave the caſtle, my lord has this day given me a horſe, upon which I purpoſe to ſet out this very night, without the knowledge of any of the family, I will go to ſir Philip Harclay, I will throw myſelf at his feet, relate my ſtrange ſtory, and implore his protection, and with him I will conſult on the

moſt

moſt proper way of bringing this murtherer to publick juſtice, and I will be guided by his advice and direction in every thing.—nothing can be better, ſaid Oſwald, than what you propoſe, but give me leave to offer an addition to your ſcheme; you ſhall ſet off in the dead of night as you intend, Joſeph and I will favour your departure in ſuch a manner as to throw a myſtery over the circumſtances of it; your diſappearing at ſuch a time from the haunted apartment, will terrify and confound all the family, they will puzzle themſelves in vain to account for it, and they will be afraid to pry into the ſecrets of that place.

You ſay well, and I approve your addition, ſaid Edmund, and ſuppoſe there was a letter written in a myſterious manner, and dropt in my lord's way, or ſent to him afterwards, it would forward our deſign and frighten them away from that apartment.—that ſhall be my care, ſaid Oſwald, and I will warrant you that they will not find themſelves diſpoſed to inhabit it preſently.—but how ſhall I leave my dear friend mr. William without a word of notice of this ſeparation?—I have thought of that too, ſaid Oſwald, and I will manage ſo as to acquaint him with it, in ſuch a manner as he ſhall think out of the common courſe of things, and ſhall make him wonder and be ſilent.—how will you do that, ſaid Edmund?—I will tell you hereafter, ſaid Oſwald, for here comes old Joſeph to meet us.

He came indeed as faſt as his age would permit him, as ſoon as he was within hearing he aſked them what news?—they related all that had paſſed at Twyford's cottage, he heard

them with the greateſt eagerneſs of attention, and as ſoon as they came to the great event. —I knew it!—I knew it!—exclaimed Joſeph, I was ſure it would prove ſo!—thank God for it!—but I will be the firſt to acknowledge my young lord, and I will live and die his faithful ſervant!—here Joſeph attempted to kneel to him, but Edmund prevented him with a warm embrace,—my friend, my dear friend! ſaid he, I cannot ſuffer a man of your age to kneel to me, are you not one of my beſt and trueſt friends, I will ever remember your diſintereſted affection for me, and if heaven reſtores me to my rights, it ſhall be one of my firſt cares to render your old age eaſy and happy. —Joſeph wept over him, and it was ſome time before he could utter a word.

Oſwald gave them both time to recover their emotion, by acquainting Joſeph with Edmund's ſcheme for his departure.—Joſeph wiped his eyes and ſpoke.—I have thought of ſomething that will be both agreeable and uſeful to my dear maſter.—John Wyatt, ſir Philip Harclay's ſervant, is now upon a viſit at his father's, I have heard that he goes home ſoon, now he would be both a guide and companion on the way.—that is indeed a happy circumſtance, ſaid Edmund, but how ſhall we know certainly the time of his departure?—why ſir I will go to him and enquire, and bring you word directly.—do ſo, ſaid Edmund, and you will oblige me greatly.—but ſir, ſaid Oſwald, I think it will be beſt not to let John Wyatt know who is to be his companion. only let Joſeph tell him that a gentleman is going to viſit his maſter, and if poſſible prevail upon him

him to ſet out this night.—do ſo, my good friend, ſaid Edmund, and tell him further, that this perſon has buſineſs of great conſequence to communicate to his maſter, and cannot delay his journey on any account.—I will do this you may depend, ſaid Joſeph, and acquaint you with my ſucceſs as ſoon as poſſible, but ſir you muſt not go without a guide at any rate.—I truſt I ſhall not, ſaid Edmund, though I go alone, he that has received ſuch a call as I have, can want no other, nor fear any danger.

They converſed on theſe points till they drew near the caſtle, when Joſeph left them to go on his errand, and Edmund attended his lord at dinner.—the baron obſerved that he was ſilent and reſerved, the converſation languiſhed on both ſides.—as ſoon as dinner was ended, Edmund aſked permiſſion to go up into his own apartment, where he packed up ſome neceſſaries, and made a haſty preparation for his departure.

Afterwards he walked into the garden, revolving in his mind the peculiarity of his ſituation, and the uncertainty of his future proſpects.—loſt in thought, he walked to and fro in a covered walk, with his arms croſt and his eyes caſt down, without perceiving that he was obſerved by two females who ſtood at a diſtance watching his motions.—it was the lady Emma and her attendant who were thus engaged, at length he lifted up his eyes and ſaw them; he ſtood ſtill and was irreſolute whether to advance or retire, they approached him, and as they drew near, fair Emma ſpoke. You have been ſo wrapt in meditation, Edmund,

that I am apprehenſive of ſome new vexation that I am yet a ſtranger to, would it were my power to leſſen thoſe you have already! but tell me if I gueſs truly?—he ſtood ſtill irreſolute, he answered with heſitation.—oh lady—I am—I am grieved, I am concerned to be the cauſe of ſo much confuſion in this noble family, to which I am ſo much indebted.—I ſee no way to leſſen theſe evils but to remove the cauſe of them.—meaning yourſelf, ſaid ſhe?—certainly madam, and I was meditating on my departure—but, ſaid ſhe, by your departure you will not remove the cauſe.—how ſo madam?—becauſe you are not the cauſe, but thoſe you will leave behind you.—lady Emma!—how can you affect this ignorance, Edmund, you know well enough it is that odious Wenlock, your enemy and my averſion, that has cauſed all this mitchief among us, and will much more if he is not removed.—this madam is a ſubject that it becomes me to be ſilent upon; mr. Wenlock is your kinſman, he is not my friend, and for that reaſon I ought not to ſpeak againſt him, nor you to hear it from me; if he has uſed me ill, I am recompenced by the generous treatment of my lord your father, who is all that is great and good, he has allowed me to juſtify myſelf to him, and he has reſtored me to his good opinion, which I prize among the beſt gifts of heaven; your amiable brother William thinks well of me, and his eſteem is infinitely dear to me, and you, excellent lady, permit me to hope that you honour with your good opinion; are not theſe ample amends for the ill will mr. Wenlock bears me?—my opinion

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of you, Edmund, ſaid ſhe, is fixed and ſettled, it is not founded upon events of yeſte ay, but upon long knowledge and experience upon your whole conduct and character.—you honour me lady! continue to think well of me, it will excite me to deſerve it; when I am far diſtant from this place, the remembrance of your goodneſs will be a cordial to my heart, but why will you leave us, Edmund? ſtay and defeat the deſigns of your enemy, you ſhall have my wiſhes and aſſiſtance.—pardon me, madam, that is among the things I cannot do, even if it were in my power, which it is not. Mr. Wenlock loves you lady, and if he is ſo unhappy as to be your averſion, that is a puniſhment ſevere enough.—for the reſt, I may be unfortunate by the wickedneſs of others, but if I am unworthy it muſt be by my own fault.—ſo then you think it is an unworthy action to oppoſe mr. Wenlock, very well ſir, then I ſuppoſe you wiſh him ſucceſs, you wiſh that I may be married to him?—I madam, ſaid Edmund, confuſed; what am I that I ſhould give my opinion on an affair of ſo much conſequence; you diſtreſs me by the queſtion; may you be happy! may you enjoy your own wiſhes! he ſighed, he turned away, ſhe called him back, he trembled and kept ſilence.

She ſeemed to enjoy his confuſion, ſhe was cruel enough to repeat the queſtion.—tell me, Edmund, and truly, do you wiſh to ſee me give my hand to Wenlock? I inſiſt upon your anſwer.—all on a ſudden he recovered both his voice and courage; he ſtepped forward, his perſon erect, his countenance aſſured, his voice

voice reſolute and intrepid.—ſince lady Emma inſiſts upon my anſwer, ſince ſhe avows a diſlike to Wenlock, ſince ſhe condeſcends to aſk my opinion, I will tell her my thoughts, my wiſhes.—the fair Emma now trembled in her turn, ſhe bluſhed, looked down, and was aſhamed to have ſpoken ſo freely.—— Edmund went on, my moſt ardent wiſhes are that the fair Emma may reſerve her heart and hand till a certain perſon, a friend of mine, is at liberty to ſolicit them, whoſe utmoſt ambition is, firſt to deſerve, and then to obtain them.—your friend ſir! ſaid lady Emma, her brow clouded, her eye diſdainful.—Edmund proceeded; my friend is ſo particularly circumſtanced that he cannot at preſent with propriety aſk for lady Emma's favour, but as ſoon as he has gained a cauſe that is yet in ſuſpence, he will openly declare his pretenſions; and if he is unſucceſsful he will condemn himſelf to eternal ſilence.—lady Emma knew not what to think of this declaration, ſhe hoped, ſhe feared, ſhe meditated, but her attention was too ſtrongly excited to be ſatisfied without ſome gratification; after a pauſe ſhe perſued the ſubject.—and this friend of yours ſir, of what degree and fortune is he?—Edmund ſmiled, but commanding his emotion, he replied, his birth is noble, his degree and fortune uncertain.—her countenance fell, ſhe ſighed, he proceeded.—it is utterly impoſſible, ſaid he, for any man of inferior degree to aſpire to lady Emma's favour, her noble birth, the dignity of her beauty and virtues, muſt awe and keep at their proper diſtance, all men of inferior degree and merit, they may admire, they

they may revere, but they muſt not preſume to approach too near, leſt their preſumption ſhould meet with its puniſhment.—well, ſir, ſaid ſhe, ſuddenly, and ſo this friend of yours has commiſſioned you to ſpeak in his behalf? —he has madam.—then I muſt tell you that I think his aſſurance very great, and yours not much leſs.—I am ſorry for that madam.—tell him that I ſhall reſerve my heart and hand for the man to whom my father ſhall bid me give them.—very well lady, I am certain my lord loves you too well to diſpoſe of them againſt your inclination.—how do you know that ſir, but tell him that the man that hopes for my favour muſt apply to my lord for his. —that is my friend's intention, his reſolution I ſhould ſay, as ſoon as he can do it with propriety, and I accept your permiſſion for him to do ſo.—my permiſſion did you ſay? I am aſtoniſhed at your aſſurance! tell me no more of your friend, but perhaps you are pleading for Wenlock all this time, it is all one to me, only ſay no more.—are you offended with me madam?—no matter ſir.—yes it is, I am ſurprized at you! I am ſurprized at my own temerity, but forgive me.—it does not ſignify, good bye ty'e ſir.—dont leave me in anger madam, I cannot bear that, perhaps I may not ſee you again preſently?—he looked afflicted, ſhe turned back.—I do forgive you, Edmund, I was concerned for you, but it ſeems you are more concerned for every body than yourſelf.—ſhe ſighed, farewell, ſaid ſhe!—Edmund gazed on her with tenderneſs, he approached her, he juſt touched her hand, his heart was riſing to his lips, but he recollected

his

his ſituation, he checked himſelf immediately, he retired back, he ſighed deeply, bowed low, and retired haſtily.

The lady turned into another walk, and he reached the houſe firſt, and went up again to his chamber, threw himſelf upon his knees, prayed for a thouſand bleſſings upon every one of the family of his benefactor, and involuntarily wept at mentioning the name of the charming Emma, whom he was about to leave abruptly, and perhaps for ever.—he compoſed himſelf and once again attended the baron, wiſhed him a good night, and withdrew to his chamber, till he was called to go again to the haunted apartment.

He came down equipped for his journey, and went haſtily for fear of obſervation; he paid his cuſtomary devotions, and ſoon after Oſwald tapped at the door; they conferred together upon the intereſting ſubject that engroſſed their attention, until Joſeph came to them; he brought the reſt of Edmund's baggage, and ſome refreſhment for him before he ſet out.—Edmund promiſed to give them the earlieſt information of his ſituation and ſucceſs; at the hour of twelve they heard the ſame groans as the night before in the lower apartment, but being ſomewhat familiarized to it, they were not ſo ſtrongly affected; Oſwald croſſed himſelf, and prayed for the departed ſoul, he alſo prayed for Edmund, and recommended him to the divine protection; he then aroſe and embraced that young man, who alſo took a tender leave of his friend Joſeph; they then went with ſilence and caution through a long gallery, they deſcended the ſtairs in the

ſame

ſame manner, they croſſed the hall in profound ſilence, and hardly dared to breathe leſt they ſhould be overheard; they found ſome difficulty in opening one of the folding doors, which at laſt they accompliſhed; they were again in jeopardy at the outward gate, at length they conveyed him ſafely into the ſtables, there they again embraced him, and prayed for his proſperity.

He then mounted his horſe and ſet forward to Wyatt's cottage; he hallowed at the door and was anſwered from within; in a few minutes John came out to him; what is it you, maſter Edmund?—huſh, ſaid he, not a word of who I am, I go upon private buſineſs, and would not wiſh to be known.—if you will go forward ſir, I will ſoon overtake you; he did ſo, and they perſued their journey to the north. In the mean time Oſwald and Joſeph returned in ſilence into the houſe, they retired to their reſpective apartments without hearing or being heard by any one.

About the dawn of day Oſwald intended to lay his pacquets in the way of thoſe they were addreſſed to, after much contrivance he determined to take a bold ſtep, and if he were diſcovered, to frame ſome excuſe. Encouraged by his late ſucceſs, he went on tip-toe into maſter William's chamber, placed a letter upon his pillow, and withdrew unheard.—— exulting in his heart, he attempted the baron's apartment, but found it faſtened within; finding this ſcheme fruſtrated, he waited till the hour the baron was expected down to breakfaſt, and laid the letter and the key of the haunted apartment upon the table.

Soon

Soon after he ſaw the baron enter the breakfaſt room, he got out of ſight, but ſtaid within call, preparing himſelf for a ſummons. The baron ſat down to breakfaſt, he ſaw a letter directed to himſelf, he opened it, and to his great ſurpriſe, read as follows.

"The guardian of the haunted apartment to baron Fitz-Owen. To thee I remit "the key of my charge, until the right owner "ſhall come, who will both diſcover and a-"venge my wrongs; then woe be to the "guilty! but let the innocent reſt in peace. "In the mean time let none preſume to ex-"plore the ſecrets of my apartment, leſt they "ſuffer for their temerity."

The baron was ſtruck with amazement at the letter, he took up the key, examined it, then laid it down and took up the letter; he was in ſuch confuſion of thought, he knew not what to do or ſay for ſeveral minutes, at length he called his ſervants about him, the firſt queſtion he aſked was, where is Edmund? —they could not tell.—has he been called?—yes my lord, but nobody anſwered, and the key was not in the door.—where is Joſeph? —gone into the ſtables.—where is father Oſwald?—in his ſtudy.—ſeek him, and deſire him to come hither.—by the time the baron had read the letter over again, he came.

He had been framing a ſteady countenance to anſwer to all interrogatories, as he came in he attentively obſerved the baron, whoſe features were in ſtrong agitation; as ſoon as he ſaw Oſwald, he ſpoke as one out of breath. —take that key, and read this letter!—he did ſo, ſhrugged up his ſhoulders and remained ſilent.

ſilent.—father, ſaid my lord, what think you of this letter? it is a very ſurpriſing one.—the contents are alarming, where is Edmund?—I do not know.—has nobody ſeen him.—not that I know of.—call my ſons, my kinſmen, my ſervants!—they came in.—have any of you ſeen or heard of Edmund?—no was the anſwer.—father ſtep up ſtairs to my ſons and kinſmen, and deſire them to come down immediately.

Oſwald withdrew, and went firſt to mr. William's chamber.—my dear ſir, you muſt come to my lord now directly, he has ſomething extraordinary to communicate to you.—and ſo have I father, ſee what I have found upon my pillow!—pray ſir read it to me before you ſhow it to any body, my lord is alarmed too much already, and wants nothing to increaſe his conſternation.—William read his letter, while Oſwald looked as if he was an utter ſtranger to the contents, which were theſe.

"Whatever may be heard or ſeen, let the "ſeal of friendſhip be upon thy lips; the peaſant Edmund is no more, but there ſtill lives "a man who hopes to acknowledge and re-"pay the lord Fitz-Owen's generous care and "protection; to return his beloved William's "vowed affection, and to claim his friendſhip "on terms of equality."

What, ſaid William can this mean?—it is not eaſy to ſay. ſaid Oſwald.—can you tell what is the cauſe of this alarm?—I can tell you nothing, but that my lord deſires to ſee you directly, pray make haſte down, I muſt go up to your brothers and kinſmen, nobody knows what to think or believe.

Maſter William went down ſtairs, and father Oſwald went to the malecontents; as ſoon as he entered the outward door of their apartment, mr. Wenlock called out, here comes the friend, now for ſome new propoſal!——gentlemen, ſaid Oſwald, my lord deſires your company immediately in the breakfaſt parlour.—what to meet your favourite Edmund I ſuppoſe? ſaid mr. Wenlock.—no ſir.—what then is the matter, ſaid ſir Robert?—ſomething very extraordinary has happened, gentlemen, Edmund is not to be found, he diſappeared from the haunted apartment, the key of which was conveyed to my lord in a ſtrange manner, with a letter from an unknown hand; my lord is both ſurprized and concerned, and wiſhes to have your opinion and advice on the occaſion.—tell him, ſaid ſir Robert, we will wait upon him immediately.

As Oſwald went away he heard Wenlock ſay, ſo Edmund is gone it is no matter how or whither.—another ſaid, I hope the ghoſt has taken him out of the way.—the reſt laughed at the conceit, as they followed Oſwald down ſtairs.—they found the baron and his ſon William commenting upon the key and the letter.—my lord gave them to ſir Robert, who looked on them with marks of ſurprize and confuſion.—the baron addreſſed him.—is not this a very ſtrange affair?—ſon Robert, lay aſide your ill humours, and behave to your father with the reſpect and affection his tenderneſs deſerves from you, and give me your advice and opinion on this alarming ſubject?—my lord, ſaid ſir Robert, I am as much confounded as your-

ſelf,

ſelf, I can give no advice, let my couſins ſee the letter, let us have their opinion.—they read it in turn, they were equally ſurprized, but when it came into Wenlock's hand, he pauſed and meditated ſome minutes, at length —I am indeed ſurprized, and ſtill more concerned, to ſee my lord and uncle the dupe of an artful contrivance, and if he will permit me I ſhall endeavour to unriddle it, to the confuſion of all that are concerned in it.—do ſo, Dick, ſaid my lord, and you ſhall have my thanks for it.—this letter, ſaid he, I imagine to be the contrivance of Edmund, or ſome ingenious friend of his, to conceal ſome deſigns they have againſt the peace of this family, which has been too often diſturbed upon that raſcal's account.—but what end could be propoſed by it? ſaid the baron.—why one part of the ſcheme is to cover Edmund's departure, that is clear enough; for the reſt we can only gueſs at it. —perhaps he may be hid up ſomewhere in that apartment, from whence he may ruſh out in the night, and either rob or murther us, or at leaſt alarm and terrify the family.—the baron ſmiled, you ſhoot beyond the mark ſir, and overſhoot yourſelf, as you have done before now, you ſhow only your inveteracy againſt that poor lad, whom you cannot mention with temper; to what purpoſe ſhould he ſhut himſelf up there, to be ſtarved?—ſtarved! no, no! he has friends in this houſe, (looking at Oſwald) who will not ſuffer him to want any thing; thoſe who have always magnified his virtues, and extenuated his faults, will lend a hand to help him in time of need, and perhaps to aſſiſt his ingenious contrivances.——

Oſwald ſhrugged up his ſhoulders and remained ſilent.—this is a ſtrange fancy of yours, Dick, ſaid my lord, but I am willing to perſue it, firſt to diſcover what you drive at, and ſecondly to ſatisfy all that are here preſent of the truth or falſhood of it, that they may know what value to ſet upon your ſagacity hereafter.—let us all go over that apartment together, and let Joſeph be called to attend us thither; Oſwald offered to call him, but Wenlock ſtopped him.—no father, ſaid he, you muſt ſtay with us, we want your ghoſtly counſel and advice; Joſeph ſhall have no private conference with you.—what mean you, ſaid Oſwald, to inſinuate to my lord againſt me or Joſeph? but your ill will ſpares nobody, it will one day be known who is the diſturber of the peace of this family, I wait for that time; and am ſilent.

Joſeph came, when he was told whither they were going, he looked hard at Oſwald. Wenlock obſerved them.—lead the way father! ſaid he, and Joſeph ſhall follow us.—— Oſwald ſmiled.—we will go where heaven permits us, ſaid he,—alas!—the wiſdom of man can neither haſten nor retard its decrees.

They followed the father up ſtairs, and went directly to the haunted apartment.—the baron unlocked the door, he bid Joſeph open the ſhutters and admit the day light, which had been excluded for many years.—they went over the rooms above ſtairs, and then deſcended the ſtaircaſe and through the lower rooms in the ſame manner.—however they overlooked the cloſet in which the fatal ſecret was concealed.—the door was covered with tapeſty

tapeſty the ſame as the room, and united ſo well that it ſeemed but one piece.—Wenlock tauntingly deſired father Oſwald to introduce them to the ghoſt.—the father in reply, aſked them where they ſhould find Edmund? do you think, ſaid he, that he lies hid in my pocket or in Joſeph's.—'tis no matter, anſwered he, thoughts are free.—my opinion of you ſir, ſaid he, is not founded upon thoughts, I judge of men by their actions, a rule I believe it will not ſuit you to be tried by.—none of your inſolent admonitions, father! ſaid he, this is neither the time nor the place for them—that is truer than you are aware of, ſir, I meant not to enter into the ſubject juſt now.—be ſilent, ſaid my lord.—I ſhall enter into this ſubject with you hereafter, then look you be prepared for it! in the mean time do you Dick Wenlock anſwer to my queſtions?—do you think Edmund is concealed in this apartment? —no ſir.—do you think there is any myſtery in it?—no my lord.—is it haunted, think you? —no, I think not.—ſhould you be afraid to try?—in what manner my lord?—why you have ſhown your wit upon the ſubject, and I mean to ſhow your courage, you and Jack Markham, your confident, ſhall ſleep here three nights as Edmund has done before.—ſir, ſaid ſir Robert, for what purpoſe, I ſhould be glad to underſtand why?—I have my reaſons ſir, as well as your kinſmen there.—no reply ſirs! I inſiſt upon being being obeyed in this point; Joſeph let the beds be well aired, and every thing made agreeable to the gentlemen; if there is any contrivance to impoſe upon me, they I am ſure will have pleaſure in

detecting it, and if not, I ſhall obtain my end in making theſe rooms habitable.—Oſwald come with me, and the reſt may go where they liſt till dinner time.

The baron went with Oſwald into the parlour.—now tell me, father, ſaid he, do you diſapprove what I have done?—quite the contrary my lord, ſaid he, I entirely approve it.—but you do not know all my reaſons for it; yeſterday Edmund's behaviour was different from what I have ever ſeen it, he is naturally frank and open in all his ways, but he was ſilent, thoughtful, abſent, he ſighed deeply, and once I ſaw tears ſtand in his eyes; now I do ſuſpect there is ſomething uncommon in that apartment, that Edmund has diſcovered the ſecret, and fearing to diſcloſe it, he is fled away from the houſe; as to this letter, perhaps he may have written it to hint that there is more than he dares reveal; I tremble at the hints contained in it, though I ſhall appear to make light of it; but I and mine are innocent, and if heaven diſcloſes the guilt of others, I ought to adore and ſubmit to its decrees.—that is prudently and piouſly reſolved my lord, let us do our duty and leave events to heaven.—but father I have a further view in obliging my kinſman to ſleep there, if any thing ſhould appear to them, it is better that it ſhould only be known to my own family; if there is nothing in it, I ſhall put to the proof, the courage and veracity of my two kinſmen, of whom I think very indifferently.—I mean ſhortly to enquire into many things I have heard lately to their diſadvantage, and if I find them guilty, they ſhall not eſcape with

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impunity.—my lord, said Oswald, you judge like yourself, I wish you to make enquiry concerning them, and believe the result will be to their confusion, and your lordship will be enabled to re-establish the peace of your family.

During this conversation, Oswald was upon his guard, lest any thing should escape that might create suspicion.—he withdrew as soon as he could with decency, and left the baron meditating what all these things should mean, he feared there was some misfortune impending over his house, though he knew not from what cause.

He dined with his children and kinsmen, and strove to appear cheaful, but a gloom was perceivable through his deportment.—sir Robert was reserved and respectful.—mr. William was silent and attentive, the rest of the family dutifully assiduous to my lord, only Wenlock and Markham were sullen and chagrined.—the baron detained the young men the whole afternoon, he strove to amuse and to be amused, he showed the greatest affection and parental regard to his children, and endeavoured to conciliate their affections, and engage their gratitude by kindness.—Wenlock and Markham felt their courage abate as the night approached; at the hour of nine old Joseph came to conduct them to the haunted apartment, they took leave of their kinsmen and went up stairs with heavy hearts.

They found the chamber set in order for them, and a table spread with provision and good liqour to keep up their spirits.—it seems, said Wenlock, that your friend Edmund, was

obliged

obliged to you for his accommodations here.—ſir, ſaid Joſeph, his accommodations were bad enough the firſt night, but afterwards they were bettered by my lord's orders.—owing to your officious cares, ſaid Wenlock, I own it, ſaid Joſeph, and I am not aſhamed of it.——are you not anxious to know what is become of him, ſaid Markham.—not at all ſir, I truſt he is in the beſt protection, ſo good a young man as he is ſafe every where.—you ſee couſin Jack, ſaid Wenlock, how this villain has ſtole the hearts of my uncle's ſervants; I ſuppoſe this canting old fellow knows where he is if the truth were known.—have you any further comm n ls for me, gentlemen, ſaid the old man?—no not we.—then I am ordered to attend my lord when you have done with me.—go then about your buſineſs.—Joſeph went away, glad to be diſmiſſed.

What ſhall we do couſin Jack, ſaid Wenlock, to paſs away the time? it is plaguy dull ſitting here.—dull enough, ſaid Markham, I think the beſt thing we can do is to go to bed and ſleep it away.—faith. ſays Wenlock I am in no diſpoſitiou to ſleep!—who would have thought the old man would have obliged us to ſpend the night here?—don't ſay *us* I beg of you, it was all your own doing.—I did not intend he ſhould have taken me at my word.—then you ſhould have ſpoken more cautiouſly.—I have always been governed by you like a fool as I am, you play the braggart, and I ſuffer for it; but they begin to ſee through your fine ſpun arts and contrivances, and I believe you will meet with your deſerts one day or other.—what now!—do you mean to affront me

me, Jack?—know that ſome are born to plan, others to execute, I am one of the former, thou of the latter.—know your friend, or—— or what, replied Markham? do you mean to threaten me? if you do!—what then, ſaid Wenlock.—why then I will try which of us two is the beſt man ſir!—upon this Markham aroſe, and put himſelf into a poſture of defence. —Wenlock perceiving he was ſerious in his anger, began to ſooth him; he perſuaded, he flattered, he promiſed great things if he would be compoſed.—Markham was ſullen, uneaſy, reſentful; whenever he ſpoke it was to upbraid Wenlock with his treachery and falſehood.—Wenlock tried all his eloquence to get him into a good humour, but in vain, he threatened to acquaint his uncle with all that he knew, and to exculpate himſelf at the other's expence.—Wenlock began to find his choler riſe, they were both almoſt choaked with rage, and at length they both roſe with a reſolution to fight.

As they ſtood with their fiſts clenched, on a ſudden they were alarmed with a diſmal groan from the room underneath; they ſtood like ſtatues petrified by fear, yet liſtening with trembling expectation.—a ſecond increaſed their conſternation, and ſoon after a third compleated it; they ſtaggered to a ſeat and ſunk down upon it ready to faint; preſently all the doors flew open, a pale glimmering light appeared at the door from the ſtaircaſe, and a man in compleat armour entered the room; he ſtood with one hand extended, pointing to the outward door; they took the hint and crawled away as faſt as fear would let

let them; they ſtaggered along the gallery, and from thence to the baron's apartment, where Wenlock ſunk down in a ſwoon, and Markham had juſt ſtrength enough to knock at the door.

The ſervant who ſlept in the outward room alarmed his lord, Markham cried out, for heaven's ſake let us in!—upon hearing his voice, the door was opened, and Markham approached his uncle in ſuch an attitude of fear, as excited a degree of it in the baron.—he pointed to Wenlock, who was with ſome difficulty recovered from the fit he was fallen into; the ſervant was terrified, he rung the alarm bell, the ſervants came running from all parts to their lord's apartment; the young gentlemen came, and preſently all was confuſion, and the terror was univerſal. Oſwald who gueſſed the buſineſs, was the only one that could aſked a queſtion; he aſked ſeveral times, what is the matter?—Markham at laſt anſwered him.—we have ſeen the ghoſt!—— all regard to ſecrecy was at an end, the eccho ran through the whole family.—they have ſeen the ghoſt!

The baron deſired Oſwald to talk to the young men, and endeavour to quiet the diſturbance.—he came forward, he comforted ſome, he rebuked others, he bad the ſervants retire into the outward room, the baron with his ſons and kinſmen remained in the bed chamber.—ſaid Oſwald, it is very unfortunate that this affair ſhould be made ſo publick, ſurely theſe young men might have related what they had ſeen without alarming the whole family; I am very much concerned upon my lord's account.

count.—I thank you father, ſaid the baron, but prudence was quite overthrown here, Wenlock was halt dead, and Markham half diſtracted, the family were alarmed without my being able to prevent it,—but let us hear what theſe poor terrified creatures ſay?—Oſwald demanded, what have you ſeen gentlemen?—— the ghoſt, ſaid Markham.—in what form did it appear?—a man in armour.—did it ſpeak to you?—no.—what did it do to terrify you ſo much?—it ſtood at the fartheſt door, and pointed to the outward door, as if to have us leave the room; we did not wait for a ſecond notice, but came away as faſt as we could.—did it follow you?—no.—then you need not have raiſed ſuch a diſturbance.—Wenlock lifted up his head and ſpoke.—I believe father if you had been with us, you would not have ſtood upon ceremonies any more than we did.—— I wiſh my lord would ſend you to parley with the ghoſt, for without doubt, you are better qualified than we.—my lord, ſaid Oſwald, I will go thither with your permiſſion, I will ſee that every thing is ſafe, and bring the key back to you; perhaps this may help to diſpel the fears that have been raiſed, at leaſt I will try to do it.—I thank you father for your good offices, do as you pleaſe.

Oſwald went into the outward room.—I am going, ſaid he, to ſhut up the apartment, the young gentlemen have been more frightened than they had occaſion for; I will try to account for it, which of you will go with me?—they all drew back, except Joſeph, who offered to bear him company.—they went into the bed room in the haunted apartment, found every

every thing quiet there.—they put out the fire, extinguiſhed the lights, locked the door, and brought away the key.—as they returned I thought how it would be, ſaid Joſeph.—— huſh! not a word, ſaid Oſwald, you find we are ſuſpected of ſomething, though they know not what.—wait till you are called upon, and then we will both ſpeak to purpoſe; they carried the key to the baron.

All is quiet in the apartment, ſaid Oſwald, as we can teſtify.—did you aſk Joſeph to go with you, ſaid the baron, or did he offer himſelf?—my lord, I aſked if any body would go with me, and they all declined it but he, I thought proper to have a witneſs beſide myſelf, for whatever might be ſeen or heard.—Joſeph, you was ſervant to the late lord Lovel, what kind of man was he?—a very comely man, pleaſe your lordſhip.—ſhould you know him if you were to ſee him?—I cannot ſay, my lord.—would you have any objection to ſleep a night in that apartment?—I beg,—I hope.—I beſeech your lordſhip not to command me to do it!—you are then afraid, why did you offer yourſelf to go thither.—becauſe I was not ſo much frightened as the reſt.—I wiſh you would lay a night there, but I do not inſiſt upon it.—my lord I am a poor ignorant old man, not fit for ſuch an undertaking.—beſide, if I ſhould ſee the ghoſt, and if it ſhould be the perſon of my maſter, and if it ſhould tell me any thing, and bid me keep it ſecret, I ſhould not dare to diſcloſe it, and then what ſervice ſhould I do your lordſhip? that is true indeed, ſaid the baron.

This

This ſpeech, ſaid ſir Robert, is both a ſimple and an artful one, you ſee however, that Joſeph is not a man for us to depend upon; he regards the lord Lovel, though dead, more than lord Fitz-Owen, living; he calls him his maſter, and promiſes to keep his ſecrets.—— what ſay you father, is the ghoſt your maſter, or your friend, are you under any obligation to keep his ſecrets?—ſir, ſaid Oſwald, I anſwer as Joſeph does, I would ſooner die than diſcover a ſecret revealed in that manner.—I thought as much, ſaid ſir Robert, there is a myſtery in father Oſwald's behaviour that I cannot comprehend.—do not reflect upon the father, ſaid the baron, I have nothing to complain of him for, perhaps the myſtery may be too ſoon explained; but let us not anticipate evils; Oſwald and Joſeph have ſpoken like good men, I am ſatisfied with their anſwers; let us who are innocent reſt in peace! and let us endeavour to reſtore peace in the family, and do you father aſſiſt us?—with my beſt ſervices, ſaid Oſwald.—he called the ſervants in, let nothing be ſaid out of doors, ſaid he, of what has lately paſſed within, eſpecially in the eaſt apartment; the young gentlemen had not ſo much room to be frightened as they apprehended, a piece of furniture fell down in the rooms underneath, which made the noiſe that alarmed them ſo much; but I can certify that all things in the rooms are in quiet, and there is nothing to fear; all of you attend me in the chapel in an hour, do your duties, put your truſt in God, and obey your lord, and you find every thing go right as it uſed to do.

They diſperſed, the ſun roſe, the day came on, and every thing went on in the uſual courſe; the ſervants were not ſo eaſily ſatisfied, they whiſpered that ſomething was wrong, and expected the time that ſhould ſet all right.—the mind of the baron was employed in meditating upon theſe circumſtances that ſeemed to him the forerunners of ſome great events; he ſometimes thought of Edmund, he ſighed for his expulſion, and lamented the uncertainty of his fate, but to his family he appeared eaſy and ſatisfied.

From the time of Edmund's departure the fair Emma had many uneaſy hours, ſhe wiſhed to enquire after him, but feared to ſhow any ſolicitude concerning him: one day when her brother William came into her apartment, ſhe took courage to aſk a queſtion.—pray brother can you give any gueſs what is become of Edmund?—no, ſaid he, (with a ſigh) why do you aſk me?—becauſe my dear William, I ſhould think if any body knew it, muſt be you, and I thought he loved you too well to leave you in ignorance; but don't you think he left the caſtle in a very ſtrange manner?—I do my dear, there is a myſtery in every circumſtance of his departure; nevertheleſs (I will truſt you with a ſecret) he did not leave the caſtle without making a diſtinction in my favour.——I thought ſo, ſaid ſhe.——but you might tell *me* what you know about him?—alas, my dear Emma! I know nothing, when I ſaw him laſt he ſeemed a good deal affected, as if he were taking leave of me, and I had a foreboding that we parted for a longer time than uſual.—ah, ſo had I, ſaid ſhe, when he

parted

parted from me in the garden!—what leave did he take of you Emma?—ſhe bluſhed and heſitated to tell him all that paſſed between them; but he begged, perſuaded, inſiſted, and at length under the ſtrongeſt injunctions of ſecrecy, ſhe told him all.—he ſaid that Edmund's behaviour on that occaſion was as myſterious as the reſt of his conduct; but now you have revealed your ſecret, you have a right to know mine.—he then gave her the letter he found upon his pillow, ſhe read it with great emotion.—ſaint Winifred aſſiſt me! ſaid ſhe.—what can I think?—the peaſant Edmund is no more, but there lives one,—that is to my thinking, Edmund lives, but is no peaſant.—go on my dear, ſaid William, I like yonr explanation.—nay, brother, I only gueſs, but what think you?—I believe we think alike in more than one reſpect, that he meant to recommend no other perſon than himſelf to your favour, and that if he were indeed of noble birth, I would prefer him to a prince for a huſband to my Emma!—bleſs me! ſaid ſhe, do you think it poſſible that he ſhould be of birth or fortune?—it is hard to ſay what is impoſſible.—we have proof that the eaſt apartment is haunted.—it was there that Edmund was made acquainted with many ſecrets, I doubt not, and perhaps his own fate may be involved in that of others.—I am confident that what he ſaw and heard, there, was the cauſe of his departure; we muſt wait with patience the unravelling this intricate affair; I believe I need not enjoin your ſecrecy as to what I have ſaid, your heart will be my ſecurity.—what mean you brother?—don't affect

ignorance my dear, you love Edmund, ſo do I, it is nothing to be aſhamed of, it would have been ſtrange if a girl of your good ſenſe had not diſtinguiſhed a ſwan among a flock of geeſe.—dear William don't let a word of this eſcape you, but you have taken a weight off my heart, you may depend that I will not diſpoſe of my hand or heart till I know the end of this affair.—William ſmiled.—keep them for Edmund's *friend*, I ſhall rejoice to ſee him in a ſituation to aſk them.—huſh my brother! not a word more, I hear footſteps.—— they were her eldeſt brother's, who came to aſk mr. William to ride out with him, which finiſhed the conference.

The fair Emma from this time aſſumed an air of ſatisfaction; and William frequently ſtole away from his companions to talk with his ſiſter upon their favourite ſubject.

While theſe things paſſed at the caſtle of Lovel, Edmund and his companion John Wyat proceeded on their journey to ſir Philip Harclay's ſeat, they converſed together on the way, and Edmund found him a man of underſtanding, though not improved by education, he alſo diſcovered that John loved his maſter and reſpected him even to veneration; from him he learned many particulars concerning that worthy knight.—Wyatt told him that ſir Philip maintained twelve old ſoldiers who had been maimed and diſabled in the wars, and had no proviſion made for them; alſo ſix old officers who had been unfortunate and were grown grey without preferment; he likewiſe mentioned the Greek gentleman, his maſter's captive and friend, as a man

man eminent for valour and piety, but beſide theſe, ſaid Wyatt, there are many others who eat of my maſter's bread and drink of his cup, and who join in bleſſings and prayers to heaven for their noble benefactor; his ears are ever open to diſtreſs, his hand to relieve it, and he ſhares in every good man's joys and bleſſings.—oh what a glorious character! ſaid Edmund, how my heart throbs with wiſhes to imitate ſuch a man! oh that I might reſemble him though at ever ſo great a diſtance!—Edmund was never weary of hearing the actions of this truly great man, nor Wyatt with relating them, and during three days journey, there was but few pauſes in their converſation.

The fourth day when they came within view of the houſe, Edmund's heart began to raiſe doubts of his reception.—if, ſaid he, ſir Philip ſhould not receive me kindly, if he ſhould reſent my long neglect, and diſown my acquaintance, it would be no more than juſtice.

He ſent Wyatt before to notify his arrival to ſir Philip, while he waited at the gate, full of doubts and anxieties concerning his reception, Wyatt was met and congratulated on his return by moſt of his fellow ſervants; he aſked, where is my maſter?—in the parlour.—are any ſtrangers with him?—no, only his own family.—then I will ſhow myſelf to him.——he preſented himſelf before ſir Philip.—ſo John, ſaid he, you are welcome home! I hope you left your parents and relations well?—all well, thank God! and ſend their humble duty to your honour, and they pray for you every day of their lives; I hope your honour is in good health?—very well.—thank God for that!

but ſir, I have ſomething further to tell you, I have had a companion all the way home, a perſon who comes to wait on your honour on buſineſs of great conſequence, as he ſays.—— who is that John?—it is maſter Edmund Twyford from the caſtle of Lovel.——young Edmund, ſays ſir Philip, ſurprized.—where is he?—at the gate ſir.—why did you leave him there?—becauſe he bad me come before, and acquaint your honour that he waits your pleaſure.—bring him hither, ſaid ſir Philip, tell him I ſhall be glad to ſee him.

John made haſt to deliver his meſſage, and Edmund followed him in ſilence into ſir Philip's preſence; he bowed low and kept at diſtance. —ſir Philip held out his hand and bad him approach.—as he drew near he was ſeized with an univerſal trembling; he kneeled down, took his hand, kiſſed it, and preſſed it to his heart in ſilence.

You are welcome young man! ſaid ſir Philip, take courage and ſpeak for yourſelf.—Edmund ſighed deeply, he at length broke ſilence with difficulty.—I am come thus far, noble ſir, to throw myſelf at your feet and implore your protection.—you are under God, my only reliance!—I receive you, ſaid ſir Philip, with all my heart! your perſon is greatly improved ſince I ſaw you laſt, and I hope your mind is equally ſo; I have heard a great character of you from ſome that knew you in France; I remember the promiſe I made you long ago, and am ready now to fulfil it, upon condition that you have done nothing to diſgrace the good opinion I formerly entertained of you, and am ready to ſerve you in any thing conſiſtent

ſiſtent with my own honour.—Edmund kiſſed the hand that was extended to raiſe him.—I accept your favour ſir, upon this condition only, and if ever you find me to impoſe upon your credulity, or incroach on your goodneſs, may you renounce me from that moment!—enough, ſaid ſir Philip, riſe then and let me embrace you, you are truly welcome!—oh noble ſir, ſaid Edmund, I have a ſtrange ſtory to tell you, but it muſt be by ourſelves, with only heaven to bear witneſs to what paſſes between us.—very well, ſaid ſir Philip, I am ready to hear you, but firſt go and get ſome refreſhment after your journey, and then come to me again, John Wyatt will attend you.—I want no refreſhment, ſaid Edmund, and I cannot eat or drink till I have told my buſineſs to your honour.—well then, ſaid ſir Philip, come along with me, he took the youth by the hand and led him into another parlour, leaving his friends in great ſurprize, what this young man's errand could be; John Wyatt told them all that he knew relating to Edmund's birth, character and ſituation.

When ſir Philip had ſeated his young friend, he liſtened in ſilence to the ſurprizing tale he had to tell him. Edmund told him briefly the moſt remarkable circumſtances of his life, from the time when he firſt ſaw and liked him, till his return from France, but from that æra he related at large every thing that had happened, recounting every intereſting particular which was imprinted on his memory in ſtrong and laſting characters.—ſir Philip grew every moment more affected by the recital; ſometimes he claſped his hands together, he lifted

lifted them up to heaven, he smote his breast, he sighed, he exclaimed aloud.—but when Edmund related his dream, he breathed short, and seemed to devour him with attention; when he described the fatal closet he trembled, sighed, sobbed, and was almost suffocated with his agitations.—but when he related all that passed between his supposed mother and himself, and finally produced the jewels, the proofs of his birth, and the death of his unfortunate mother; he flew to him, he pressed him to his bosom, he strove to speak, but speech was for some minutes denied; he wept aloud, and at length his words found their way in broken exclamations.—son of my dearest friend!—— dear and precious relick of a noble house!—child of providence!—the beloved of heaven!—welcome! thrice welcome to my arms!—to my heart!—I will be thy parent from henceforward, and thou shalt be indeed my child, my heir! my mind told me from the first moment I beheld thee, that thou wert the image of my friend! my heart then opened itself to receive thee, as his offspring.—I had a strange foreboding that I was to be thy protector.—I would then have made thee my own, but heaven orders things for the best, it made thee the instrument of this discovery, and in its own time and manner conducted thee to my arms.—praise be to God for his wonderful doings towards the children of men! every thing that has befallen thee is by his direction, and he will not leave his work unfinished, I trust that I shall be his instrument to do justice on the guilty, and to restore the orphan of my friend to his rights and title. I devote myself

to

to this ſervice, and will make it the buſineſs of my life to effect it.

Edmund gave vent to his emotions, in raptures of joy and gratitude, they ſpent ſeveral hours in this way without thinking of the time that paſſed, the one enquiring, the other explaining and repeating every particular of the intereſting ſtory.

At length they were interrupted by the careful John Wyatt, who was anxious to know if any thing was likely to give trouble to his maſter.—ſir, ſaid John, it grows dark, do you not want a light?—we want no light but what heaven gives us, ſaid ſir Philip, I knew not whether it was dark or light.—I hope, ſaid John, nothing has happened, I hope your honour has heard no bad tidings.—I—I—I hope no offence.—none at all, ſaid the good knight, I am obliged to your ſolicitude for me; I have heard ſome things that grieve me, and others that give me great pleaſure, but the ſorrows are paſt and the joys remain.—thank God! ſaid John, I was afraid ſomething was the matter to give your honour trouble.—I thank you my good ſervant! you ſee this young gentleman, I would have you John, devote yourſelf to his ſervice, I give you to him for an attendant on his perſon, and would have you ſhow your affection to me by your attachment to him.—oh ſir, ſaid John in a melancholy voice, what have I done to be turned out of your ſervice?—no ſuch matter John, ſaid ſir Philip, you will not leave my ſervice.—ſir, ſaid John, I would rather die than leave you.—and my lad, I like you too well to part with you, but in ſerving my friend you will ſerve me;

me; know that this young man is my ſon.—your ſon ſir, ſaid John!—not my natural ſon, but my relation, my ſon by adoption, my heir!—and will he live with you ſir?——yes John, and I hope to die with him.—oh then I will ſerve him with all my heart and ſoul, and I will do my beſt to pleaſe you both.—I thank you John, and I will not forget your honeſt love and duty; I have ſo good an opinion of you, that I will tell you ſome things concerning this gentleman that will entitle him to your reſpect.—'tis enough for me, ſaid John, to know that your honour reſpects him, to make me pay him as much duty as yourſelf.—but John, when you know him better, you will reſpect him ſtill more, at preſent I ſhall only tell you what he is not, for you think him only the ſon of Andrew Twyford, and is he not? ſaid John.—no, but his wife nurſed him, and he paſſed for her ſon.—and does old Twyford know it ſir?—he does, and will bear witneſs to it; but he is the ſon of a near friend of mine, of quality ſuperior to my own, and as ſuch you muſt ſerve and reſpect him.—I ſhall to be ſure ſir, but what name ſhall I call him?—you ſhall know that hereafter, in the mean time bring a light and wait on us to the other parlour.

When John was withdrawn, ſir Philip ſaid that is a point to be conſidered and determined immediately; it is proper that you ſhould aſſume a name till you can take that of your father, for I chooſe you ſhould drop that of your foſter father, and I would have you be called by one that is reſpectable.—in that and every other point I will be wholly governed by

by you ſir, ſaid Edmund.—well then I will give you the name of Seagrave, I ſhall ſay that you are a relation of my own, and my mother was really of that family.

John ſoon returned and attended them into the other parlour, ſir Philip entered with Edmund in his hand.—my friends, ſaid he, this gentlemen is mr. Edmund Seagrave, the ſon of a dear friend and relation of mine, he was loſt in his infancy, brought up by a good woman out of pure humanity, and is but lately reſtored to his own family; the circumſtances ſhall be made known hereafter, in the mean time I have taken him under my care and protection, and will uſe all my power and intereſt to ſee him reſtored to his fortune, which is enjoyed by the uſurper who was the cauſe of his expulſion, and the death of his parents; receive him as my relation and friend; Zadiſky do you embrace him firſt! Edmund, you and this gentleman muſt love each other for my ſake, hereafter you will do it for your own.—they all roſe, each embraced and congratulated the young man.—Zadiſky ſaid, ſir whatever griefs and misfortunes you may have endured, you may reckon them at an end, from the hour you are beloved and protected by ſir Philip Harclay. —I firmly believe it ſir, replied Edmund, and my heart enjoys already more happineſs than I ever yet felt, and promiſes me all that I can wiſh in future, his friendſhip is the earneſt heaven gives me of its bleſſings hereafter.

They ſat down to ſupper with mutual cheartulneſs, and Edmund enjoyed the repaſt with more ſatisfaction than he had felt a long time,—ſir Philip ſaw his countenance brighten up

up, and looked on him with heart-felt pleaſure.—every time I look on you, ſaid he, reminds me of your father, you are the ſame perſon I loved twenty-three years ago; I rejoice to ſee you under my roof, go to your repoſe early, and to morrow we will conſult farther.—Edmund withdrew, and enjoyed a night of ſweet undiſturbed repoſe.

The next morning Edmund aroſe in perfect health and ſpirits; he waited on his benefactor, they were ſoon after joined by mr. Zadiſky, who ſhowed great attention and reſpect to the youth, and offered him his beſt ſervices without reſerve.—Edmund accepted them with equal reſpect and modeſty, and finding himſelf at eaſe, began to diſplay his amiable qualities.—they breakfaſted together, afterward ſir Philip deſired Edmund to walk out with him.

As ſoon as they were out of hearing, ſir Philip ſaid.—I could not ſleep laſt night for thinking of your affairs.—I laid ſchemes for you, and rejected them again, we muſt lay our plan before we begin to act; what ſhall be done with this treacherous kinſman?—— unhuman monſter!—this aſſaſſin of his neareſt relation!—I will riſk my life and fortune to bring him to juſtice.—ſhall I go to court and demand juſtice of the king?—or ſhall I accuſe him of the murther and make him ſtand a publick trial?—if I treat him as a baron of the realm he muſt be tried by his peers, if as a commoner he muſt be tried at the county aſſize; but we muſt ſhow reaſon why he ſhould be degraded from his title.—have you any thing to propoſe?—nothing ſir, I have only to

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wiſh that it might be as private as poſſible, for the ſake of my noble benefactor, the lord Fitz-Owen, upon whom ſome part of the family diſgrace would naturally fall, and that would be an ill return for all his kindneſs and generoſity to me.—that is a generous and grateful conſideration on your part, but you owe ſtill more to the memory of your injured parents.—however there is yet another way that ſuits me better than any hitherto propoſed, I will challenge the traitor to meet me in the field, and if he has ſpirit enough to anſwer my call, I will there bring him to juſtice, if not I will bring him to a publick trial.

No ſir, ſaid Edmund, that is my province; ſhould I ſtand by and ſee my noble gallant friend expoſe his life for me, I ſhould be unworthy to bear the name of that friend whom you ſo much lament.—it will become his ſon to vindicate his name and revenge his death.—I will be the challenger and no other.—and do you think he will anſwer the challenge of an unknown youth, with nothing but his pretentions to his name and title?—certainly not.—leave this matter to me, I think of a way that will oblige him to meet me at the houſe of a third perſon who is known to all the parties concerned, and where we will have authentick witneſſes of all that paſſes between him and me; I will deviſe the time, place and manner, and ſatisfy all your ſcruples.—Edmund offered to reply, but ſir Philip bad him be ſilent, and let him proceed in his own way.

He then led him over his eſtate and ſhowed him every thing deſerving his notice, he told him all the particulars of his domeſtick œconomy,

nomy, and they returned home in time to meet their friends at dinner.

They ſpent ſeveral days in conſulting how to bring ſir Walter to account, and improving their friendſhip and confidence in each other, and Edmund endeared himſelf ſo much to his friend and patron, that he declared him his adopted ſon and heir before all his friends and ſervants, and ordered them to reſpect him as ſuch.—he every day improved their love and regard for him, and be became the darling of the whole family.

After much conſideration, ſir Philip fixed his reſolution and began to execute his purpoſes. —he ſet out for the ſeat of the lord Clifford, attended by Edmund, M. Zadiſky, and two ſervants.—lord Clifford received them with kindneſs and hoſpitality.

Sir Philip preſented Edmund to lord Clifford and his family, as his near relation and preſumptive heir; they ſpent the evening in the pleaſures of convivial mirth and hoſpitable entertainment: the next day ſir Philip began to open his mind to lord Clifford, telling him that both his young friend and himſelf had received great injuries from the preſent lord Lovel, which they were reſolved to call him to account for, but that for many reaſons they were deſirous to have proper witneſſes of all that ſhould paſs between them, begging the favour of his lordſhip to be the principal one.—lord Clifford acknowledged the confidence placed in him, and beſought ſir Philip to let him be the arbitrator between them.—ſir Philip aſſured him that their wrongs would not admit of arbitration, as he ſhould judge hereafter, but that

that he was unwilling to explain them further till he knew certainly whether or not the lord Lovel would meet him, for if he refuſed, he muſt take another method with him.

Lord Clifford was deſirous to know the grounds of the quarrel, but ſir Philip declined entering into particulars at preſent, aſſuring him of a full information hereafter.—he then ſent M. Zadiſky, attended by John Wyatt, and a ſervant of lord Clifford, with a written letter to lord Lovel, the contents were as follows.

" My lord Lovel!

" Sir Philip Harclay earneſtly deſires to ſee " you at the houſe of lord Clifford, where he " waits to call you to account for the injuries " done by you to the late Arthur lord Lovel, " your kinſman; if you accept his demand, " he will make the lord Clifford a witneſs and " a judge of the cauſe, if not, he will expoſe " you publickly as a traitor and a coward.— " pleaſe to anſwer this letter, and he will ac- " quaint you with the time, place and man- " ner of the meeting. Philip Harclay."

Zadiſky preſented the letter to lord Lovel, informing him that he was the friend of ſir Philip Harclay.—he ſeemed ſurprized and confounded at the contents, but putting on an haughty air.—I know nothing, ſaid he, of the buſineſs this letter brings, but wait a few hours and I will give you an anſwer.—he gave orders to treat Zadiſky as a gentlemen in every reſpect, but in avoiding his company.—for the Greek had a ſhrewd and penetrating aſpect, and he obſerved every turn of his countenance;

the next day he came and apologized for his abſence, and gave him the anſwer, ſending his reſpects to the lord Clifford.—the meſſengers returned with all ſpeed, and ſir Philip read the anſwer before all preſent.

" Lord Lovel knows not of any injuries done " by him to the late Arthur lord Lovel, whom he " ſucceeded by juſt right of inheritance; nor of " any right ſir Philip Harclay has, to call to " account a man to whom he is barely known, " having ſeen him only once, many years " ago, at the houſe of his uncle, the old lord " Lovel; nevertheleſs, lord Lovel will not " ſuffer any man to call his name and honour " into queſtion with impunity, for which rea- " ſon he will meet ſir Philip Harclay at any " time, place and manner he ſhall appoint, " and bringing the ſame number of friends " and dependants, that juſtice may be done to " all parties. Lovel."

'Tis well, ſaid ſir Philip, I am glad to find he has the ſpirit to meet me, he is an enemy worthy of my ſword.—lord Clifford then propoſed, that both parties ſhould paſs the borders and obtain leave of the warden of the ſcottiſh marches to decide the quarrel in his juriſdiction, with a ſelect number of friends on both ſides. —ſir Philip agreed to the propoſal, and lord Clifford wrote in his own name to aſk permiſſion of the lord Graham, that his friends might come there, and obtained it on condition that neither party ſhould exceed a limited number of friends and followers.

Lord Clifford ſent choſen meſſengers to lord Lovel, acquainting him with the conditions, and

and appointing the time, place and manner of their meeting, and that he had been desired to accept the office of judge of the field.—— lord Lovel accepted the conditions, and promised to be their without fail.—lord Clifford notified the same to lord Graham, warden of the marches, who caused a piece of ground to be enclosed for the lists, and made preparations against the dayappointed.

In the interim sir Philip Harclay thought proper to settle his worldly affairs; he made Zadisky acquainted with every circumstance of Edmund's history, and the obligation that lay upon him to revenge the death of his friend, and see justice done to his heir.—— Zadisky entered into the cause with an ardor that spoke the affection he bore to his friend. —why, said he, would you not suffer me to engage this traitor?—your life is of too much consequence to be staked against his, but tho' I trust that the justice of your cause must succeed, yet if it should happen otherwise, I vow to revenge you, he shall never go back from us both; but my hope and trust is to see your arm the minister of justice.—sir Philip then sent for a lawyer and made his will, by which he appointed Edmund his chief heir by the name of Lovel, alias Seagrave, alias Twyford; he ordered that all his old friends, soldiers and servants, should be maintained in the same manner during their lives; he left to Zadisky an annuity of an hundred a year, and a legacy of two hundred pounds; one hundred pounds to a certain monastry; the same sum to be distributed among disbanded soldiers, and the

ſame to the poor and needy in his neighbourhood.

He appointed lord Clifford joint executor with Edmund, and gave his will into that nobleman's care, recommending Edmund to his favour and protection.—if I live, ſaid he, I will make him appear to be worthy of it, if I die he will want a friend.—I am deſirous your lordſhip, as a judge of the field, ſhould be unprejudiced on either ſide, that you may judge impartially; if I die, Edmund's pretenſions die with me, but my friend Zadiſky will acquaint you with the foundation of them.—I take theſe precautions becauſe I ought to be prepared for every thing, but my heart is warm with better hopes, and I hope to live to juſtify my own cauſe, as well as that of my friend, who is a perſon of more conſequence than he appears to be.—lord Clifford accepted the truſt, and expreſſed the greateſt reliance upon ſir Philip's honour and veracity.

While theſe preparations were making for the great event that was to decide the pretenſions of Edmund, his enemies at the caſtle of Lovel were brought to ſhame for their behaviour to him.

The diſagreement between Wenlock and Markham had by degrees brought on an explanation of ſome parts of their conduct.—father Oſwald had often hinted to the baron the envy of Wenlock's behaviour to Edmund's ſuperior qualities, and the artifices by which he had obtained ſuch an influence with ſir Robert, as to make him take his part upon all occaſions.—Oſwald now took advantage of the breach between theſe two incendiaries,

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to perſuade Markham to juſtify himſelf at Wenlock's expence, and to tell all he knew of his wickedneſs; at length he promiſed to declare all he knew of Wenlock's conduct, as well in France as ſince their return, when he ſhould be called upon; by him Oſwald was enabled to unravel the whole of his contrivances, againſt the honour, intereſt, and even life of Edmund.

He prevailed on Hewſon and Kemp to add their teſtimony to the others, Hewſon confeſſed that he was touched in his conſcience, when he reflected on the cruelty and injuſtice of his behaviour to Edmund, whoſe behaviour towards him, after he had laid a ſnare for his life, was ſo noble and generous, that he was cut to the heart by it, and had ſuffered ſo much pain and remorſe, that he longed for nothing ſo much as an opportunity to unburden his mind; but the dread of mr. Wenlock's anger, and the effects of his reſentment had hitherto kept them ſilent, always hoping there would come a time when he might have leave to declare the whole truth.

Oſwald conveyed this information to the baron's ear, who waited for an opportunity to make the proper uſe of it; not long after the two principal incendiaries came to an open rupture, and Markham threatened Wenlock that he would ſhow his uncle what a ſerpent he had harboured in his boſom.—the baron arreſted his words, and inſiſting upon his telling all he knew, adding, if you ſpeak the truth I will ſupport you, but if you prove falſe, I will puniſh you ſeverely; as to mr. Wenlock he ſhall have a fair trial, and if all the accuſa-

accuſa ons have heard are made good, it is high t me hat I ſhould pu' him out of my family.—the baron with a ſtern aſpect bade them follow him into the great hall, and ſent for all the reſt of the family together.

He then with great ſolemnity told them he was ready to hear all ſides of the queſtion.—he declared the whole ſubſtance of his informations, and called upon the accuſers to ſupport the charge.— Hewſon and Kemp gave the ſame account they had done to Oſwald, offering to ſwear to the truth of their teſtimony; ſeveral of the other ſervants related ſuch circumſtances as had come to their knowledge. —Markham then ſpoke of every thing, and gave a particular account of all that had paſſed on the night they ſpent in the eaſt apartment, he accuſed himſelf of being privy to Wenlock's villany, called himſelf fool and blockhead for being the inſtrument of his malignant diſpoſition, and aſked pardon of his uncle for concealing it ſo long.

The baron called upon Wenlock to reply to the charge, he inſtead of anſwering, flew into a paſſion, raged, ſwore, threatened, and finally denied every thing.—the witneſſes perſiſted in their aſſertions.—Markham deſired leave to make known the reaſon they were all afraid of him, he gives it out, (ſaid he) that he is to be my lord's ſon-in-law, and they ſuppoſing him to ſtand firſt in his favour, are afraid of his diſpleaſure.—I hope, ſaid the baron, I ſhall not be at ſuch a loſs for a ſon-in-law, as to make choice of ſuch a one as him; he never but once hinted at ſuch a thing, and then I gave him no encouragement; I have long ſeen

there

there was ſomething very wrong in him, but I did not believe he was of ſo wicked a diſpoſition; it is no wonder that princes ſhould be ſo frequently deceived, when I, a private man could be ſo much impoſed upon within the circle of my own family; what think you ſon Robert?—I ſir, have been much more impoſed on, and I take ſhame to myſelf on the occaſion.—enough, my ſon, ſaid the baron, a generous confeſſion is only a proof of growing wiſdom, you are now ſenſible that the beſt of us are liable to impoſition; the artifices of this unworthy kinſman have ſet us at variance with each other, and driven away an excellent youth from this houſe, to go I know not whither; but he ſhall no longer triumph in his wickedneſs, he ſhall feel what it is to be baniſhed from the houſe of his protector, he ſhall ſet out for his mother's this very day, I will write to her in ſuch a manner as ſhall inform her that he has offended me, without particulariſing the nature of his faults; I will give him an opportunity of recovering his credit with his own family, and this ſhall be my ſecurity againſt his doing further miſchief, may he repent and be forgiven!

Markham deſerves puniſhment, but not in the ſame degree.—I confeſs it, ſaid he, and will ſubmit to whatever your lordſhip ſhall enjoin. —you ſhall be only baniſhed for a time, but he for ever; I will ſend you abroad on a buſineſs that ſhall put you in a way to do credit to yourſelf and ſervice to me.—ſon Robert, have you any objection to my ſentence?—— my lord, ſaid he, I have great reaſon to diſtruſt myſelf, I am ſenſible of my own weakneſs

neſs, and your ſuperiour wiſdom, as well as goodneſs, and I will henceforward ſubmit to you in all things.

The baron ordered two of his ſervants to pack up Wenlock's clothes and neceſſaries, and to ſet out with him that very day, he bad ſome others keep an eye upon him leſt he ſhould eſcape; as ſoon as they were ready, my lord wiſhed him a good journey, and gave him a letter for his mother.—he departed without ſaying a word, in a ſullen kind of reſentment, but his countenance ſhowed the inward agitations of his mind.

As ſoon as he was gone every mouth was opened againſt him, a thouſand ſtories came out that they never heard before; the baron and his ſons were aſtoniſhed that he ſhould go on ſo long without detection.—my lord ſighed deeply at the thoughts of Edmund's expulſion, and ardently wiſhed to know what was become of him.

Sir Robert took the opportunity of coming to a explanation with his brother William, he took ſhame to himſelf for ſome part of his paſt behaviour.—mr. William owned his affection to Edmund, and juſtified it by his merit and attachment to him, which were ſuch that he was certain no time or diſtance could alter them.—he accepted his brother's acknowledgement as a full amends for all that had paſt, and begged that henceforward an entire love and confidence might ever ſubſiſt between them.—theſe new regulations reſtored peace, confidence and harmony in the caſtle of Lovel.

At length the day arrived for the combatants to meet, the lord Graham with twelve followers,

lowers gentlemen, and twelve ſervants were ready at the dawn of day to receive them.

The firſt that entered the field was ſir Philip Harclay, knight, armed compleatly, excepting his head piece, Hugh Rugby, his eſquire, bearing his lance, John Barnard, his page, carrying his helmet and ſpurs, two ſervants in his proper livery; the next came Edmund, the heir of Lovel, followed by his ſervant John Wyatt; Zaditky followed by his ſervant.

At a ſhort diſtance came the lord Clifford, as judge of the field, with his eſquire, two pages, and two livery ſervants; followed by his eldeſt ſon, his nephew, a gentleman his friend, each attended by one ſervant; he alſo brought a ſurgeon of note to take care of the wounded.

The lord Graham ſaluted them, and by his order they took their places without the liſts, and the trumpet ſounded for the challenger.—it was anſwered by the defendant, who ſoon after appeared, attended by three gentlemen his friends, with each one ſervant, beſide his own proper attendants.

A place was erected for the lord Clifford, as judge of the field, he deſired lord Graham would ſhare the office, he accepted it on condition that the combatants ſhould make no objection, and they agreed to it with the greateſt courteſy and reſpect; they conſulted together on many points of honour and ceremony between the two combatants.

They appointed a marſhal of the field, and other inferior officers uſually employed on theſe occaſions. The lord Graham ſent the marſhal for the challenger, deſiring him to declare

clare the cauſe of his quarrel before his enemy. —ſir Philip Harclay then advanced, and thus ſpoke.

" I Philip Harclay, knight, challenge Wal-
" ter, commonly called lord Lovel, as a baſe,
" treacherous and bloody man, who by his
" wicked arts and devices, did kill, or cauſe
" to be killed, his kinſman, Arthur lord
" Lovel, my dear and noble friend.—I am
" called upon in an extraordinary manner to
" revenge his death, and I will prove the truth
" of what I have affirmed at the peril of my
" life."

Lord Graham then bade the defendant anſwer to the charge.—lord Lovel ſtood forth before his followers, and thus replied.

" I Walter, baron of Lovel, do deny the
" charge againſt me, and affirm it to be a baſe,
" falſe and malicious accuſation of this ſir
" Philip Harclay, which I believe to be in-
" vented by himſelf, or elſe framed by ſome
" enemy, and told to him for wicked ends;
" but be that as it may, I will maintain my
" own honour, and prove him to be a falſe
" traitor at the hazard of my own life, and to
" the puniſhment of his preſumption."

Then ſaid the lord Graham, will not this quarrel admit of arbitration?—no, replied ſir Philip, when I have juſtified this charge, I have more to bring againſt him, I truſt in God and the juſtice of my cauſe, and defy that traitor to the death!—lord Clifford then ſpoke a few words to lord Graham. who immediately called to the marſhal and bad him open the liſts, and deliver their weapons to the combatants.

While

While the marſhal was arranging the combatants, and their followers, Edmund approached his friend and patron, he put one knee to the ground, he embraced his knees with the ſtrongeſt emotions of grief and anxiety; he was dreſſed in compleat armour with his viſor down, his device was a hawthorn, with a graft of the roſe upon it, the motto—*This is not my true parent.*—but ſir Philip bad him take theſe words.-*e fructu arbor cognoſcitur.*

Sir Philip embraced the youth with ſtrong marks of affection.—be compoſed my child, I have neither guilt, fear, nor doubt in me, I am ſo certain of ſucceſs that I bid you be prepared for the conſequence.—Zadiſky embraced his friend, he comforted Edmund, he ſuggeſted every thing that could confirm his hopes of ſucceſs.

The marſhal waited to deliver the ſpear to ſir Philip, he now preſented it with the uſual form.—ſir, receive your lance, and God defend the right!—ſir Philip anſwered amen! in a voice that was heard by all preſent.

He next preſented his weapon to lord Lovel with the ſame ſentence, who likewiſe anſwered amen! with a good courage.—immediately the liſts were cleared, and the combatants began the fight.

They contended a long time with equal ſkill and courage, at length ſir Philip unhorſed his antagoniſt.—the judges ordered, that either he ſhould alight, or ſuffer his enemy to remount, he choſe the former, and a ſharp combat on foot enſued.—the ſweat rolled off their bodies with the violence of the exerciſe.—ſir Philip watched every motion of his enemy, and ſtrove

to weary him out, intending to wound but not to kill him, unleſs obliged for his own ſafety.

He thruſt his ſword through his left arm, and demanded whether he would confeſs the fact.—lord Lovel enraged, anſwered, he would die ſooner.—ſir Philip then paſſed the ſword through his body twice, and lord Lovel fell, crying out that he was ſlain.

I hope not, ſaid ſir Philip, for I have a great deal of buſineſs for you to do before you die; confeſs your ſins and endeavour to attone for them, as the only ground to hope for pardon.—lord Lovel ſaid, you are the victor, uſe your good fortune generouſly!

Sir Philip took away his ſword, and then waved it over his head, and beckoned for aſſiſtance.—the judges ſent to beg ſir Philip to ſpare the life of his enemy.—I will, ſaid he, upon condition that he will make an honeſt confeſſion.

Lord Lovel deſired a ſurgeon and a confeſſor.—you ſhall have both, ſaid ſir Philip, but you muſt firſt anſwer me a queſtion or two.——did you kill your kinſman or not?—it was not my hand that killed him, anſwered the wounded man.—it was done by your own order however; you ſhall have no aſſiſtance till you anſwer this point?—it was, ſaid he, and heaven is juſt!—bear witneſs all preſent, ſaid ſir Philip, he confeſſes the fact!

He then beckoned Edmund, who approached.—take off your helmet, ſaid he, look on that youth, he is the ſon of your injured kinſman.—it is himſelf! ſaid the lord Lovel, and fainted away.

Sir

Sir Philip then called for a ſurgeon and a prieſt, both of which lord Graham had provided; the former began to bind up his wounds, and his aſſiſtants poured a cordial into his mouth.—preſerve his life if it be poſſible, ſaid ſir Philip, for much depends upon it.

He then took Edmund by the hand, and preſented him to all the company.——in this young man, ſaid he, you ſee the true heir of the houſe of Lovel! heaven has in its own way made him the inſtrument to diſcover the death of his parents; his father was aſſaſinated by order of that wicked man, who now receives his puniſhment; his mother was by his cruel treatment compelled to leave her own houſe, ſhe was delivered in the fields, and periſhed herſelf in ſeeking a ſhelter for her infant; I have ſufficient proofs of every thing I ſay, which I am ready to communicate to every perſon who deſires to know the particulars; heaven by my hand has chaſtiſed him, he has confeſſed the fact I accuſe him of, and it remains that he make reſtitution of the fortune and honours he hath uſurped ſo long.

Edmund kneeled, and with uplifted hands returned thanks to heaven, that his noble friend and champion was crowned with victory!—the lords and gentlemen gathered round them, they congratulated them both, while lord Lovel's friends and followers were employed in taking care of him.—lord Clifford took ſir Philip's hand.—you have acted with ſo much honour and prudence that it is preſumptuous to offer you advice, but what mean you to do with the wounded man?—I have not determined, ſaid he, I thank you for the hint,

and beg your advice how to proceed.—let us conſult lord Graham, ſaid he.—lord Graham inſiſted upon their going all to his caſtle, there ſaid he, you will have impartial witneſſes of all that paſſes.—ſir Philip was unwilling to give ſo much trouble.—the lord Graham proteſted he ſhould be proud to do any ſervice to ſo noble a gentleman.—lord Clifford enforced his requeſt, ſaying, it was better upon all accounts to keep their priſoner on this ſide the borders till they ſaw what turn his health would take, and to keep him ſafely till he had ſettled his worldly affairs.

This reſolution being taken, lord Graham invited the wounded man and his friends to his caſtle, as being the neareſt place where he could be lodged and taken proper care of, it being dangerous to carry him further.—they accepted the propoſal with many acknowledgements, and having made a kind of litter of boughs, they all proceeded to lord Graham's caſtle, where they put lord Lovel to bed, and the ſurgeon dreſſed his wounds, and deſired he might be kept quiet, not knowing at preſent whether they were dangerous or not.

About an hour after, the wounded man complained of thirſt, he aſked for the ſurgeon, and enquired if his life was in danger, the ſurgeon anſwered him, doubtfully.——he aſked, where is ſir Philip Harclay?—in the caſtle.—where is that young man whom he calls the heir of Lovel?—he is here too.—then I am ſurrounded with my enemies, I want to ſpeak to one of my own ſervants, without witneſſes, let one be ſent to me.

The

The ſurgeon withdrew, and acquainted the gentlemen below.—he ſhall not ſpeak to any man, ſaid ſir Philip, but in my preſence.—he went with him into the ſick man's room.—upon the ſight of ſir Philip, he ſeemed in great agitation—am I not allowed to ſpeak with my own ſervant, ſaid he?—yes ſir, you may, but not without witneſſes.—then I am a priſoner it ſeems? no, not ſo ſir, but ſome caution is neceſſary at preſent, but compoſe yourſelf, I do not wiſh for your death,—then why did you ſeek it? I never injured you.—yes you have, in the perſon of my friend, and I am only the inſtrument of juſtice in the hand of heaven; endeavour to make atonement while life is ſpared to you.—ſhall I ſend the prieſt to you? perhaps he may convince you of the neceſſity of reſtitution, in order to obtain forgiveneſs of your ſins.

Sir Philip ſent for the prieſt and the ſurgeon, and obliged the ſervant to retire with him.—I leave you ſir to the care of theſe gentlemen, and whenever a third perſon is admitted, I will be his attendant, I will viſit you again within an hour.—he then retired, and conſulted his friends below; they were of an opinion that no time ſhould be loſt.—you will then, ſaid he, accompany me into the ſick man's apartment in an hour's time.

Within the hour, ſir Philip, attended by lord Clifford and lord Graham entered the chamber, lord Lovel was in great emotion, the prieſt ſtood on one ſide of the bed, the ſurgeon on the other, the former exhorted him to confeſs his ſins, the other deſired he might be left to his repoſe.—lord Lovel ſeemed in great

anguiſh of mind, he trembled, and was in the utmoſt confuſion.—ſir Philip intreated him with the piety of a confeſſor, to conſider his ſoul's health before that of his body; he then aſked ſir Philip, by what means he knew that he was concerned in the death of his kinſman?—ſir, ſaid he, it was not merely by human means this fact was diſcovered.—there is a certain apartment in the caſtle of Lovel, that has been ſhut up theſe one and twenty years, but has lately been opened and examined into.

Oh heaven! exclaimed he, then Geoffrey muſt have betrayed me!—no ſir he has not, it was revealed in a very extraordinary manner to that youth whom it moſt concerns.—how can he be the heir of Lovel?—by being the ſon of that unfortunate woman, whom you cruelly obliged to leave her own houſe, to avoid being compelled to wed the murderer of her huſband; moreover we are not ignorant of the fictious funeral you made for her.—all is diſcovered, and you will not tell us any more than we know already.—but we deſire to have it confirmed by your confeſſion.—the judgments of heaven are fallen upon me! ſaid lord Lovel.—I am childleſs, and one is ariſen from the grave to claim my inheritance.—nothing then hinders you to do juſtice and make reſtitution, it is for the eaſe of your conſcience, and you have no other way of making atonement for all the miſchief you have done.—you know too much, ſaid the criminal, and I will relate what you do not know.

You

You may remember that I ſaw you once at my uncle's houſe?—I well remember it.—— at that time my mind was diſturbed by the baleful paſſion of envy, it was from that root all my bad actions ſprung.—praiſe be to God! ſaid the good prieſt, he hath touched your heart with true contrition, and you ſhow the effect of his mercies, you will do juſtice, and you will be rewarded by the gift of repentance unto ſalvation.—ſir Philip deſired the penitent to proceed.

My kinſman excelled me in every kind of merit, in the graces of perſon and mind, in all his exerciſes, and in every accompliſhment.—I was totally eclipſed by him, and I hated to be in his company, but what finiſhed my averſion was his addreſſing the lady upon whom I had fixed my affections; I ſtrove to rival him there, but ſhe gave him the preference, that indeed was only his due, but I could not bear to ſee or acknowledge it.

The moſt bitter hatred took poſſeſſion of my breaſt, and I vowed to revenge the ſuppoſed injury as ſoon as opportunity ſhould offer; I buried my reſentment deep in my heart, and outwardly appeared to rejoice at his ſucceſs; I made a merit of reſigning my pretenſions to him, but I could not bear to be preſent at his nuptials: I retired to my father's ſeat, and brooded over my revenge in ſecret. —my father died this year, and ſoon after my uncle followed him; within another year my kinſman was ſummoned to attend the king on his Welch expedition.

As ſoon as I heard he was gone from home I reſolved to prevent his return, exulting in the

the proſpect of poſſeſſing his title, fortune and his lady; I hired meſſengers who were conſtantly going and coming to give me intelligence of all that paſſed at the caſtle; I went ſoon after under pretence of viſiting my kinſman, my ſpies brought me an account of all that happened; one informed me of the event of the battle, but could not tell whether my rival was living or dead, I hoped the latter, that I might avoid the crime I meditated; I reported his death to his lady, who took it very heavily.

Soon after a meſſenger arrived with tidings that he was alive and well, and had obtained leave to return home immediately.

I inſtantly diſpatched my two emiſſaries to intercept him on the way; he made ſo much haſte to return, that he was met within a mile of his own caſtle, he had out rode his ſervants and was alone, they killed him and drew him aſide out of the highway; they then came to me with all ſpeed, and deſired my orders, it was then about ſunſet; I ſent them back to fetch the dead body, which they brought privately into the caſtle; they ties it neck and heels and put it into a trunk, which they buried under the floor in the cloſet you mentioned; the ſight of the body ſtung me to the heart, I then felt the pangs of remorſe, but it was too late; I took every precaution that prudence ſuggeſted to prevent the diſcovery, but nothing can be concealed from the eye of heaven.

From that fatal hour I have never known peace, always in fear of ſomething impending to diſcover my guilt, and to bring me to ſhame;

ſhame; at length I am overtaken by juſtice, I am brought to a ſevere reckoning here, and I dread to meet one more ſevere hereafter.

Enough, ſaid the prieſt, you have done a good work my ſon! truſt in the Lord, and now this burden is off your mind, the reſt will be made eaſy to you.

Lord Lovel took a minute's repoſe, and then went on.—I hope by the hint you gave, ſir Philip, the poor lady is yet alive?—no ſir, ſhe is not, but ſhe died not till after ſhe brought forth a ſon, whom heaven made its inſtrument to diſcover and avenge the death of both his parents.—they are well avenged, ſaid he, I have no children to lament for me, all mine have been taken from me in the bloom of youth, only one lived to be twelve years old; I intended her for a wife for one of my nephews, but within three months I have buried her.—he ſighed, wept, and was ſilent.

The gentlemen preſent lifted up their hands and eyes to heaven in ſilence.—the will of heaven be obeyed, ſaid the prieſt!—my penitent hath confeſſed all, what more would you require?—that he make atonement, ſaid ſir Philip, that he ſurrender the title and eſtate to the right heir, and diſpoſe of his own proper fortune to his neareſt relations, and reſign himſelf to penitence and preparation for a future ſtate; for this time I leave him with you father, and will join my prayers for his repentance.

So ſaying, he left the room and was followed by the barons and the ſurgeon, and the prieſt remained alone with him; as ſoon as they were out of hearing, ſir Philip queſtioned the

the ſurgeon concerning his patient's ſituation, he anſwered that at preſent he ſaw no ſigns of immediate danger, but he could not yet pronounce that there was none; if he were mortally wonnded he could not be ſo well, nor ſpeak ſo long without faintneſs, and it is my opinion, ſaid he, that he will ſoon recover, if nothing happens to retard the cure.—then ſaid ſir Philip, keep this opinion from him, for I would ſuffer the fear of death to operate on him, until he hath performed ſome neceſſary acts of juſtice, let it only be known to theſe noblemen, upon whoſe honour I can rely, and I truſt they will approve my requeſt to you ſir. —I join in it, ſaid lord Clifford, from the ſame motives.—I inſiſt upon it, ſaid lord Graham, and I can anſwer for my ſurgeon's diſcretion. —my lords, ſaid the ſurgeon, you may depend on my fidelity, and after what I have juſt heard, my conſcience is engaged in this noble gentleman's behalf, and I will do every thing in my power to ſecond your intentions.——I thank you ſir, ſaid ſir Philip, and you may depend on my gratitude in return; I preſume you will ſit up with him to night, if any danger ſhould ariſe, I deſire to be called immediately, but otherwiſe I would ſuffer him to reſt quietly, that he may be prepared for the buſineſs of the following day.—I ſhall obey your directions ſir, and my neceſſary attendance will give me a pretence not to leave him, and thus I ſhall hear all that paſſes between him and all that viſit him.—you will oblige me highly, ſaid ſir Philip, and I ſhall go to reſt with confidence in your care.

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The ſurgeon returned to the ſick man's chamber, ſir Philip and the barons to the company below; they ſupped in the great hall with all the gentlemen that were preſent at the combat.—ſir Philip and his Edmund retired to their repoſe, being heartily fatigued, and the company ſtaid to a late hour, commenting upon the action of the day, praiſing the courage and generoſity of the noble knight, and wiſhing a good event to his undertaking.

Moſt of lord Lovel's friends went away as ſoon as they ſaw him ſafely lodged, being aſhamed of him, and of their appearance in his behalf, and the few that ſtayed were induced by their deſire of a further information of the baſe action he had committed, and to juſtify their own characters and conduct.

The next morning ſir Philip entered into conſultation with the two barons, on the methods he ſhould take to get Edmund received, and acknowledged as heir of the houſe of Lovel.—they were all of opinion that the criminal ſhould be kept in fear till he had ſettled his worldly affairs, and they had reſolved how to diſpoſe of him.—with this determination they entered his room, and enquired of the ſurgeon how he had paſſed the night, he ſhook his head, and ſaid but little.

Lord Lovel deſired that he might be removed to his own houſe.—lord Graham ſaid he could not conſent to that, as there was evident danger in removing him, and appealed to the ſurgeon who confirmed his opinion.—lord Graham deſired he would make himſelf eaſy, and that he ſhould have every kind of aſſiſtance there.

Sir

Sir Philip then propoſed to ſend for the lord Fitz-Owen, who would ſee that all poſſible care was taken of his brother-in-law, and would aſſiſt him in ſettling his affairs.—lord Lovel was againſt it, he was peeviſh and uneaſy, and deſired to be left with only his own ſervants to attend him.—ſir Philip left the room with a ſignificant look, and the two lords endeavoured to reconcile him to his ſituation.—he interrupted them.—it is eaſy for men in your ſituation to adviſe, but it is difficult for one in mine to practice, wounded in body and mind, it is natural that I ſhould ſtrive to avoid the extremes of ſhame and puniſhment; I thank you for your kind offices, and beg I may be left with my own ſervants.—— with them and the ſurgeon you ſhall, ſaid lord Graham, and they both retired.

Sir Philip met them below.—my lords, ſaid he, I am deſirous that my lord Fitz-Owen ſhould be ſent for, and that he may hear his brother's confeſſion, for I ſuſpect that he may hereafter deny, what only the fear of death has extorted from him; with your permiſſion I am determined to ſend meſſengers to day.—they both expreſſed approbation, and lord Clifford propoſed to write to him, ſaying, a letter from an impartial perſon will have the more weight; I will ſend one of my principal domeſticks with your own.—this meaſure being reſolved upon, lord Clifford retired to write, and ſir Philip to prepare his ſervants for inſtant departure.—Edmund deſired leave to write to father Oſwald, and John Wyatt was ordered to be the bearer of his letter.—when the lord Clifford had finiſhed his letter, he read

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it to ſir Philip, and his choſen friends as follows.

" Right Hon. my good Lord,

" I have taken upon me to acquaint your " lordſhip, that there has been a ſolemn com- " bat at arms between your brother-in-law, " the lord Lovel, and ſir Philip Harclay, knt. " of Yorkſhire.—it was fought in the juriſ- " diction of the lord Graham, who with my- " ſelf was appointed judge of the field, it " was fairly won, and ſir Philip is the con- " queror.—after he had gained the victory he " declared at large the cauſe of the quarrel, " and that he had revenged the death of Ar- " thur lord Lovel his friend, whom the preſent " lord Lovel had aſſaſſinated, that he might " enjoy his title and eſtate.—the wounded " man confeſſed the fact, and ſir Philip gave " him his life, and only carried off his ſword " as a trophy of his victory.—both the vic- " tor and the vanquiſhed were conveyed to " lord Graham's caſtle, where the lord Lovel " now lies in great danger.—he is deſirous to " ſettle his worldly affairs, and to make his " peace with God and man.—ſir Philip Har- " clay ſays, there is a male heir of the houſe " of Lovel, for whom he claims the title and " eſtate; but he is very deſirous that your " lordſhip ſhould be preſent at the diſpoſal " of your brother's property, that of right be- " longs to him, of which your children are " the undoubted heirs.—he alſo wants to con- " ſult you in many other points of honour and " equity.—let me intreat you on the receipt " of this letter, to ſet out immediately for

" lord Graham's caſtle, where you will be re-
" ceived with the utmoſt reſpect and hoſpita-
" lity.—you will hear things that will ſur-
" prize you as much as they do me.—you will
" judge of them with that juſtice and honour
" that ſpeaks your character, and you will
" unite with us in wondering at the ways of
" providence, and ſubmitting to its decrees.—
" in puniſhing the guilty, and doing juſtice to
" the innocent and oppreſſed.—my beſt wiſhes
" and prayers attend you and your hopeful fami-
" ly.—my lord I remain your humble ſervant.
" Clifford."

Every one preſent expreſſed the higheſt approbation of this letter.—ſir Philip gave orders to John Wyatt to be very circumſpect in his behaviour, to give Edmund's letter privately to father Oſwald, and to make no mention of him, or his pretenſions at Lovel caſtle.

Lord Clifford gave his ſervant the requiſite precautions.—lord Graham added a note of invitation, and ſent it by a ſervant of his own.—as ſoon as all things were ready, the meſſengers ſet out with all ſpeed for the caſtle of Lovel.

They ſtaid no longer by the way than to take ſome refreſhment, but rode night and day till they arrived there.

Lord Fitz-Owen was in the parlour with his children, father Oſwald was walking in the avenue before the houſe, when he ſaw three meſſengers whoſe horſes ſeemed jaded and the riders fatigued, like men come a long journey.—he came up juſt as the firſt had delivered his meſſage to the porter.—John Wyatt knew him,

him, he dismounted, and made signs that he had something to say to him, he retired back a few steps, and John, with great dexterity, slipped a letter into his hand.—the father gave him his blessing and a welcome.—who do you come from, said he aloud?—from the lords Graham and Clifford to the lord FitzOwen, and we bring letters of consequence to the baron.

Oswald followed the messengers into the hall, a servant announced their arrival.—lord Fitz-Owen received them in the parlour, lord Clifford's servant delivered his master's letter, lord Graham's his, and they said they would retire and wait his lordship's answer.—the baron ordered them some refreshment.—they retired, and he opened his letters; he read them with great agitations, he struck his hand upon his heart, he exclaimed.—my fears are all verefied! the blow is struck, and it has fallen upon the guilty!

Oswald came in a minute after.——you are come in good time, said the baron, read that letter, that my children may know the contents.—he read it with faltering voice and trembling limbs.—they were all in great surprize.—William looked down and kept a studied silence.—sir Robert exclaimed, is it possible? can my uncle be guilty of such an action?—you hear, said the baron, he has confessed it!—but to whom? said sir Robert.—his father replied, lord Clifford's honour is unquestionable, and I cannot doubt what he affirms.

Sir Robert leaned his head upon his hand and seemed lost in thought.——at length he seemed to awake.—my lord, I have no doubt that Edmund is at the bottom of this business;

do you not remember that ſir Philip Harclay long ago promiſed him his friendſhip; Edmund diſappears, and ſoon after this man challenges my uncle; you know what paſſed here before his departure; he has ſuggeſted this affair to ſir Philip, and inſtigated him to this action; this is the return he has made for the favours he has received from our family, to which he owes every thing.—ſoftly my ſon! ſaid the baron, let us be cautious of reflecting upon Edmund, there is a greater hand in this buſineſs, my conjecture was too true; it was in that fatal apartment that he was made acquainted with the circumſtances of lord Lovel's death, he was perhaps enjoined to reveal them to ſir Philip Harclay, the boſom friend of the deceaſed; the myſtery of that apartment is diſcloſed, the woe to the guilty is accompliſhed! there is no reflection upon any one, heaven effects its purpoſes in its own time and manner; I and mine are innocent, let us worſhip, and be ſilent!

But what do you propoſe to do, ſaid ſir Robert?—to return with the meſſengers, anſwered the baron; I think it highly proper that I ſhould ſee your uncle, and hear what he has to ſay; my children are his heirs, in juſtice to them I ought to be acquainted with every thing that concerns the diſpoſal of his fortune.—your lordſhip is in the right, anſwered ſir Robert, it concerns us all; I have only to aſk your permiſſion to bear you company?—with all my heart, ſaid the baron, I have only to aſk of you in return, that you will command yourſelf, and not ſpeak your mind haſtily, wait for the proofs before you give judgment,

and

and take advice of your reaſon before you decide upon any thing; if you reflect upon the paſt, you will find reaſon to diſtruſt yourſelf; leave all to me, and be aſſured I will protect your honour and my own.—I will obey you in all things my lord, and will make immediate preparation for our departure.—ſo ſaying he left the room.

As ſoon as he was gone, mr. William broke ſilence.—my lord, if you have no great objection, I beg leave alſo to accompany you both?—you ſhall my ſon if you deſire it; I think I can ſee your motives, and your brother's alſo; your coolneſs will be a good balance to his warmth; you ſhall go with us; my ſon Walter ſhall be his ſiſter's protector in our abſence, and he ſhall be maſter here till we return.—I hope my dear father that will not be long, I ſhall not be happy till you come home, ſaid the fair Emma.—it ſhall be no longer my deareſt, than till this untoward affair is ſettled.—the baron deſired to know when the meſſengers were expected to return.—Oſwald took the opportunity to retire, he went to his own apartment, and read the letter, as follows.

" The heir of Lovel, to his dear and reve-
" rend friend, father Oſwald.

" Let my friends at the caſtle of Lovel
" know that I live in hopes one day to ſee
" them there, if you could by any means
" return with the meſſengers, your teſtimony
" would add weight to mine, perhaps you
" might have permiſſion to attend the baron;
" I leave it to you to manage.— John Wyatt
" will inform you of all that has paſſed here,

" and that hitherto my ſucceſs has outran my
" expectation, and almoſt my wiſhes.—I am
" in the high road to my inheritance, and
" truſt that the power who hath conducted
" me thus far, will not leave his work unfi-
" niſhed.—tell my beloved William that I
" live, and hope to embrace him before long.
" I recommend myſelf to your holy prayers
" and bleſſing, and remain your ſon and ſer-
" vant. Edmund."

Oſwald then went to the meſſengers, he drew John Wyatt to a diſtance from the reſt, and got the information he wanted; he ſtayed with him till he was ſent for to the baron.—he went to him directly, and prevented his queſtions.—I have been talking with the meſſengers, ſaid he, I find they have travelled night and day to bring the letters with all ſpeed, they only require one nights reſt, and will be ready to ſet out with you to-morrow.—'tis well, ſaid the baron, we will ſet out as ſoon as they are ready.—my lord, ſaid Oſwald, I have a favour to beg of you, it is that I may attend you, I have ſeen the progreſs of this wonderful diſcovery, and I have a great deſire to ſee the concluſion of it, perhaps my preſence may be of ſervice in the courſe of your buſineſs.—perhaps it may, ſaid the baron, I have no objection if you deſire to go.—they then ſeparated, and went to prepare for their journey.

Oſwald had a private interview with Joſeph, whom he informed of all that he knew, and his reſolution to attend the baron in his journey to the north.—I go, ſaid he, to bear witneſs

neſs in behalf of injured innocence, if it be needful I ſhall call upon you, therefore hold yourſelf in readineſs in caſe you ſhould be ſent for.—that I will, ſaid Joſeph, and ſpend my laſt remains of life and ſtrength, to help my young lord to his right and title; but do they not begin to ſuſpect who is the heir of Lovel?—not in the leaſt, ſaid Oſwald, they think him concerned in the diſcovery, but have no idea of his being intereſted in the event.—ch father, ſaid Joſeph, I ſhall think every day a week till your return, but I will no longer keep you from your repoſe.—good night, ſaid Oſwald, but I have another viſit to pay before I go to reſt.

He left Joſeph and went on tip-toe to mr. William's room and tapped at his door, he came and opened it.—what news father?——not much, I have only orders to tell you that Edmund is well, and as much your friend as ever.—I gueſſed, ſaid William that we ſhould hear ſomething of him.—I have ſtill another gueſs.—what is that my child?—that we ſhall ſee or hear of him where we are a going.—it is very likely, ſaid Oſwald, and I would have you be prepared for it.—I am confident we ſhall hear nothing to his diſcredit.—I am certain of that, ſaid William, and I ſhall rejoice to ſee him; I conclude that he is under the protection of ſir Philip Harclay.—he is ſo, ſaid Oſwald, I had my information from ſir Philip's ſervant, who is one of the meſſengers, and was guide to the others in their way hither; after ſome converſation they ſeparated, and each went to his repoſe.

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The next morning the whole party ſat out on their journey, they travelled by eaſy ſtages on account of the baron's health, which began to be impaired, and arrived in health and ſpirits at the caſtle of lord Graham, where they were received with the utmoſt reſpect and kindneſs by the noble maſter.

The lord Lovel had recovered his health and ſtrength as much as poſſible in the time, and was impatient to be gone from thence to his own houſe.—he was ſurprized to hear of the arrival of his brother and nephews, and expreſſed no pleaſure at the thoughts of ſeeing them.—when ſir Philip Harclay came to pay his reſpects to baron Fitz-Owen, the latter received him with civility, but with a coldneſs that was aparent.—ſir Robert left the room, doubting his reſolution.—ſir Philip came and took the baron by the hand.—my lord I rejoice to ſee you here! I cannot be ſatisfied with the bare civilities of ſuch a man as you.—I aſpire to your eſteem, to your friendſhip, and I ſhall not be happy till I obtain them; I will make you the judge of every part of my conduct, and where you ſhall condemn me, I will condemn myſelf.

The baron was ſoftened, his noble heart felt its alliance with its counterpart, but he thought the ſituation of his brother demanded ſome reſerve towards the man who ſought his life; but in ſpight of himſelf it wore off every moment.—lord Clifford related all that had paſſed, with the due regard to ſir Philip's honour; he remarked how nobly he concealed the cauſe of his reſentment againſt the lord Lovel till the day of combat, that he might not

not prepoſſeſs the judges againſt him.—he enlarged on his humanity to the vanquiſhed, on the deſire he expreſſed to have juſtice done to his heirs; finally, he mentioned his great reſpect for the lord Fitz-Owen, and the ſolicitude he ſhewed to have him come to ſettle the eſtate of the ſick man in favour of his children.—lord Clifford alſo employed his ſon to ſoften ſir Robert, and to explain to him every doubtful part of ſir Philip's behaviour.

After the travellers had taken ſome reſt, the lord Graham propoſed that they ſhould make a viſit to the ſick man's chamber.—the lords ſent to acquaint him they were coming to viſit him, and they followed the meſſenger.—the lord Fitz-Owen went up to the bedſide, he embraced his brother with ſtrong emotions of concern.—ſir Robert followed him, then mr. William.—lord Lovel embraced them, but ſaid nothing; his countenance ſhewed his inward agitations.—lord Fitz-Owen firſt broke ſilence.—I hope I ſee my brother better than I expected?—lord Lovel bit his fingers, he pulled the bed clothes, he ſeemed almoſt diſtracted; at length he broke out.—I owe no thanks to thoſe who ſent for my relations! ſir Philip Harclay, you have uſed ungenerouſly the advantage you have gained over me! you ſpared my life only to take away my reputation, you have expoſed me to ſtrangers, and what is worſe, to my deareſt friends; when I lay in a ſtate of danger, you obliged me to ſay any thing, and now you take advantage of it, to ruin me in my friends affection, but if I recover, you may repent it!

Sir

Sir Philip then came forward —my lords, I ſhall take no notice of what this unhappy man has juſt now ſaid, I ſhall appeal to you, as to the honourable witneſſes of all that has paſſed, you ſee it was no more than neceſſary; I appeal to you for the motives of my treatment of him; before, at, and after our meeting; I did not take his life as I might have done, I wiſhed him to repent of his ſins, and to make reſtitution of what he unjuſtly poſſeſſes; I was called out to do an act of juſtice; I had taken the heir of Lovel under my protection, my chief view was to ſee juſtice done to him, what regarded this man was but a ſecondary motive; this was my end, and I will never, never loſe ſight of it.

Lord Lovel ſeemed almoſt choacked with paſſion, to ſee every one giving ſome mark of approbation and reſpect to ſir Philip.——he called out, I demand to know who is this pretended heir whom he brings out to claim my title and fortune?—my noble auditors, ſaid ſir Philip, I ſhall appeal to your judgment in regard to the proofs of my wards birth and family! every circumſtance ſhall be laid before you, and you ſhall decide upon them.

Here is a young man ſuppoſed the ſon of a peaſant, who by a train of circumſtances that could not have happened by human contrivance, diſcovers not only who are his real parents, but that they came to untimely deaths.—he even diſcovers the different places where their bones are buried, both out of conſecrated ground, and appeals to their aſhes for the truth of his pretenſions.—he has alſo living proofs to offer, that will convince the moſt incredulous.

lous.—I have deferred entering into particulars till the arrival of baron Fitz-Owen; I know his noble heart and honourable character, from one that has long been an eye witneſs of his goodneſs; ſuch is the opinion I have of his juſtice, that I will accept him as one of the judges in his brother's cauſe; I and my ward will bring our proofs before him, and the company here preſent, in the courſe of them it will appear that he is the beſt qualified of any to judge of them, becauſe he can aſcertain many of the facts we ſhall have occaſion to mention; I will reſt our cauſe upon their deciſion.

Lord Graham applauded ſir Philip's appeal, affirming his own impartiality, and calling upon lord Clifford and his ſon, and alſo his own nephews who were preſent.——lord Clifford ſaid, ſir Philip offers fairly, and like himſelf; there can be no place nor perſons more impartial than the preſent, and I preſume the lord Lovel can have no objection.—no objection, anſwered he! what to be tried like a criminal, to have judges appointed over me, to decide upon my right, to my own eſtate and title? I will not ſubmit to ſuch a juriſdiction!—then, ſaid ſir Philip, you had rather be tried by the laws of the land, and have them pronounce ſentence upon you?—take your choice, ſir, if you refuſe the one, you ſhall be certain of the other.—lord Clifford then ſaid, you will allow lord Lovel to conſider of the propoſal, he will conſult his friends, and be determined by their advice.—lord Fitz-Owen ſaid, I am very much ſurprized at what I have heard, I ſhould be glad

to

to know all that ſir Philip Harclay has to ſay for his ward, that I may judge what my brother has to hope or fear; I will then give my beſt advice, or offer my mediation as he may ſtand in need of them.—you ſay well, ſaid lord Graham, and pray let us come directly to the point; ſir Philip you will introduce your ward to this company, and enter upon your proofs.

Sir Philip bowed to the company, he went out and brought in Edmund, encouraging him by the way; he preſented him to baron Fitz-Owen, who looked very ſerious.—Edmund Twyford, ſaid he, are you the heir of the houſe of Lovel?—I am my lord, ſaid Edmund, bowing to the ground, the proofs will appear, but I am at the ſame time the moſt humble and grateful of all your ſervants, and the ſervant of your virtues.—ſir Robert roſe up and was going to leave the room.—ſon Robert, ſtay, ſaid the baron, if there is any fraud you will be pleaſed to detect it, and if all that is affirmed be true, you will not ſhut your eyes againſt the light, you are concerned in this buſineſs, hear it in ſilence, and let reaſon be arbiter in your cauſe.—he bowed to his father, bit his lip, and retired to the window.—William nodded to Edmund, and was ſilent.—all the company had their eyes fixed on the young man, who ſtood in the midſt, caſting down his eyes with modeſt reſpect to the audience; while ſir Philip related all the material circumſtances of his life, the wonderful gradation by which he came to the knowledge of his birth, the adventures of the haunted apartment, the diſcovery of the fatal cloſet,

closet, and the presumptive proofs that lord Lovel was buried there.—at this place lord Fitz-Owen interrupted him.—where is this closet you talk of, for I and my sons went over the apartment since Edmund's departure, and found no such place as you describe?—my lord, said Edmund, I can account for it, the door is covered with tapestry, the same as the room, and you might easily overlook it; but I have a witness here, said he, and putting his hand into his bosom, he drew out the key.—if this is not the key of that closet, let me be deemed an impostor, and all I say a falsehood, I will risk my pretensions upon this proof.

And for what purpose did you take it away? said the baron.—to prevent any person from going into it, said Edmund, I have vowed to keep it till I shall open that closet before witnesses appointed for that purpose.—proceed sir, said the baron Fitz-Owen.—sir Philip then related the conversation between Edmund and Margery Twyford, his supposed mother.—lord Fitz-Owen seemed in the utmost surprize,—he exclaimed, can this be true?—strange discovery!—unfortunate child!—Edmund's tears bore witness to his veracity, he was obliged to hide his face, he lifted up his clasped hands to heaven, and was in great emotions during all this part of the relation, while lord Lovel groaned, and seemed in great agitation.

Sir Philip addressed himself to lord Fitz-Owen.—my lord, there was another person present at the conversation between Edmund and his foster-mother, who can witness to all that passed; perhaps your lordship can tell

who that was?—it was father Oſwald, replied the baron, I well remember that he went with him at his requeſt, let him be called in.—he was ſent for, and came immediately.—the baron deſired him to relate all that paſſed between Edmund and his mother.

Oſwald then began.—ſince I am now properly called upon to teſtify what I know concerning this young man, I will ſpeak the truth without fear or favour of any one, and I will ſwear by the rules of my holy order, to the truth of what I ſhall relate.—he then gave a particular account of all that paſſed on that occaſion, and mentioned the tokens found on both the infant and his mother.—where are theſe tokens to be ſeen, ſaid the lord Clifford?—I have them here, my lord, ſaid Edmund, and I keep them as my greateſt treaſures.—— he then produced them before all the company.—there is no appearance of any fraud or colluſion, ſaid lord Graham, if any man thinks he ſees any, let him ſpeak.—pray my lord, ſuffer me to ſpeak a word, ſaid ſir Robert.—do you remember that I hinted my ſuſpicions concerning father Oſwald, the night our kinſmen lay in the eaſt apartment?—I do, ſaid the baron.—well ſir, it now appears that he did know more than he would tell us, you find he is very deep in all Edmund's ſecrets, and you may judge what were his motives for undertaking this journey.—I obſerve what you ſay, anſwered his father, but let us hear all that Oſwald has to ſay, I will be as impartial as poſſible.—my lord, ſaid Oſwald, I beg you alſo to recollect what I ſaid on the night your ſon ſpeaks of, concerning ſecrecy in certain matters.

ters?—I remember that alſo, ſaid the baron, but proceed.—my lord, ſaid Oſwald, I knew more than I thought myſelf at liberty to diſcloſe at that time, but I will now tell you every thing.—I ſaw there was ſomething more than common in the accidents that befel this young man, and in his being called out to ſleep in the eaſt apartment; I earneſtly deſired him to let me be with him on the ſecond night, to which he conſented reluctantly; we heard a great noiſe in the rooms underneath, we went down ſtairs together, I ſaw him open the fatal cloſet, I heard groans that pierced me to the heart, I kneeled down and prayed for the repoſe of the ſpirit departed, I found a ſeal with the arms of Lovel engraven upon it, which I gave to Edmund, and he now has it in his poſſeſſion; he enjoined me to keep ſecret what I had ſeen and heard, till the time ſhould come to declare it. I conceived that I was called to be a witneſs of theſe things, beſides my curioſity was excited to know the event, I therefore deſired to be preſent at the interview between him and his mother, which was affecting beyond expreſſion; I heard what I have now declared as nearly as my memory permits me, I hope no impartial perſon will blame me for any part of my conduct, but if they ſhould, I do not repent it, if I ſhould forfeit the favour of the rich and great, I ſhall have acquitted myſelf to God and my conſcience; I have no worldly ends to anſwer, I plead the cauſe of the injured orphan, and I think alſo that I ſecond the deſigns of providence. —you have well ſpoken father, ſaid the lord Clifford, your witneſs is indeed of conſequence.

It is amazing and convincing, said lord Graham, and the whole story is so well connected that I can see nothing to make us doubt the truth of it; but let us examine the proofs.—Edmund gave into their hands the necklace and earings, he shewed them the locket with the cypher of Lovel, and the seal with the arms; he told them the cloak in which he was wrapped was in the custody of his foster-mother, who would produce it on demand.—he begged that some proper persons might be commissioned to go with him to examine whether or no the bodies of his parents were buried where he affirmed, adding that he put his pretensions into their hands with pleasure, relying entirely upon their honour and justice.

During the interesting scene, the criminal covered his face and was silent, but he sent forth bitter sighs and groans that denoted the anguish of his heart; at length lord Graham in compassion to him, proposed that they should retire and consider of the proofs, adding, lord Lovel must needs be fatigued, we will resume the subject in his presence, when he is disposed to receive us.—sir Philip Harclay approached the bed.—sir, I now leave you in the hands of your own relations, they are men of strict honour, and I confide in them to take care of you and of your concerns.—they then went out of the room leaving only the lord Fitz-Owen and his sons with the criminal.—they discoursed of the wonderful story of Edmund's birth, and the principal events of his life.

After dinner sir Philip requested another conference with the lords, and their principal friends.—there was present also, father Oswald

and

and lord Graham's confeſſor, who had taken the lord Lovel's confeſſion, Edmund and Zadiſky.—now gentlemen, ſaid ſir Philip, I deſire to know your opinion of our proofs, and your advice upon them.

Lord Graham ſaid, I am deſired to ſpeak for the reſt; we think there are ſtrong preſumptive proofs that this young man is the true heir of Lovel, but they ought to be confirmed and authenticated.—of the murther of the late lord there is no doubt, the criminal hath confeſſed it, and the circumſtances confirm it. —the proofs of his crime are ſo connected with thoſe of the young man's birth, that one cannot be publick without the other.—we are deſirous to do juſtice, and yet are unwilling, for the lord Fitz-Owen's ſake, to bring the criminal to publick ſhame and puniſhment.—we wiſh to find out a medium, we therefore deſire ſir Philip to make propoſals for his ward, and let lord Fitz-Owen anſwer for himſelf and his brother, and we will be moderators between them.—here every one expreſſed approbation, and called upon ſir Philip to make his demands.

If, ſaid he, I were to demand ſtrict juſtice, I ſhould not be ſatisfied with any thing leſs than the life of the criminal, but I am a chriſtian ſoldier, the diſciple of him who came into the world to ſave ſinners; for his ſake, ſaid he, (croſſing himſelf) I forego my revenge, I ſpare the guilty; if heaven gives him time for repentance, man ſhould not deny it; it is my ward's particular requeſt. that I will not bring ſhame upon the houſe of his benefactor, the lord Fitz-Owen, for whom he hath a filial affection and profound veneration.—my propoſals

are theſe; firſt, that the criminal make reſtitution of the title and eſtate obtained with ſo much injuſtice and cruelty to the lawful heir, whom he ſhall acknowledge ſuch before proper witneſſes.—ſecondly, that he ſhall ſurrender his own lawful inheritance and perſonal eſtate into the hands of the lord Fitz-Owen, in truſt for his ſons, who are his heirs of blood. Thirdly, that he ſhall retire into a religious houſe, or elſe quit the kingdom in three months time, and in either caſe, thoſe who enjoy his fortune ſhall allow him a decent annuity, that he may not want the comforts of life.—by the laſt I diſable him from the means of doing further miſchief, and enable him to devote the remainder of his days to penitence.—theſe are my propoſals, and I give him four and twenty hours to conſider of them: if he refuſes to comply with them, I ſhall be obliged to proceed to ſeverer meaſures, and to a publick proſecution; but the goodneſs of the lord Fitz-Owen, bid me expect from his influence with his brother, a compliance with propoſals, made out of reſpect to his honourable character.

Lord Graham applauded the humanity, prudence and piety of ſir Philip's propoſals.—he enforced them with all his influence and eloquence.—lord Clifford ſeconded him, and the reſt gave tokens of approbation.—ſir Robert Fitz-Owen then roſe up.—I beg leave to obſerve to the company, who are going to diſpoſe ſo generouſly of another man's property, that my father purchaſed the caſtle and eſtate of the houſe of Lovel; who is to repay him the money for it?

Sir

Sir Philip then ſaid, I have alſo a queſtion to aſk.—who is to pay the arrears of my ward's eſtate, which he has unjuſtly been kept out of theſe one and twenty years?—let lord Clifford anſwer to both points, for he is not intereſted in either?—lord Clifford ſmiled —I think the firſt queſtion is anſwered by the ſecond, and that the parties concerned ſhould ſet one againſt the other, eſpecially as lord Fitz-Owen's children will inherit the fortune, which includes the purchaſe money.—lord Graham ſaid this determination is both equitable and generous, and I hope will anſwer the expectations on all ſides.— ſir Philip ſaid, I have another propoſal to make to my lord Fitz-Owen, but I firſt wait for the acceptance of thoſe already made.—lord Fitz-Owen ſaid, I ſhall report them to my brother, and acquaint the company with his reſolution to-morrow.

They then ſeparated, and the baron with his ſons returned to the ſick man's chamber, there he exhorted his brother, with the piety of a confeſſor, to repent of his ſins and make atonement for them.—he made known ſir Philip's propoſals, and obſerved on the wonderful diſcovery of his crime, and the puniſhment that followed it; your repentance may be accepted, and your crime may yet be pardoned; if you continue refractory and refuſe to make atonement, you will draw down upon you a ſeverer puniſhment.—the criminal would not confeſs, and yet could not deny the truth and juſtice of his obſervations.—he ſpent ſeveral hours in his brother's chamber, he ſent for the prieſt who took his confeſſion, and they both ſat up in the chamber all night, adviſing, perſuading, and exhorting

exhorting him to do juſtice, and to comply with the propoſals.—he was unwilling to give up the world, and yet more ſo to become the object o. publick ſhame, diſgrace and puniſhment.

The next day lord Fitz-Owen ſummoned the company into his brother's chamber, and there declared in his name, that he accepted ſir Philip Harclay's propoſals, that if the young man could, as he promiſed, direct them to the places were his parents were buried, and if his birth ſhould be authenticated by his foſter parents, he ſhould be acknowledged the heir of the houſe of Lovel.—that to be certified of theſe things, they muſt commiſſion proper perſons to go with him for this purpoſe; and in caſe the truth ſhould be made plain, they ſhould immediately put him in poſſeſſion of the caſtle and eſtate, in the ſtate it was.—he deſired lord Graham and lord Clifford to chooſe the commiſſioners, and gave ſir Philip and Edmund a right to add to them each another perſon.

Lord Graham named the eldeſt ſon of lord Clifford, and the other in return named his nephew; they alſo chooſe the prieſt, lord Graham's confeſſor, and the eldeſt ſon of baron Fitz-Owen, to his great mortification.——ſir Philip appointed mr. William Fitz-Owen, and Edmund choſe father Oſwald —they choſe out the ſervants to attend them, who were alſo to be witneſſes of all that ſhould paſs.—lord Clifford propoſed to baron Fitz-Owen, that as ſoon as the commiſſioners were ſet out, the remainder of the company ſhould adjourn to his ſeat in Cumberland, whither lord Graham ſhould be invited to accompany them, and to ſtay

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till this affair was decided,—after ſome debate this was agreed to, and at the ſame time, that the criminal ſhould be kept with them till every thing was properly ſettled.

Lord Fitz-Owen gave his ſon William the charge to receive and entertain the commiſſioners at the caſtle; but before they ſet out ſir Philip had a conference with lord Fitz-Owen concerning the ſurrender of the caſtle, ſir Philip inſiſted on the furniture and ſtock of the farm in conſideration of the arrears.—lord Fitz-Owen ſlightly mentioned the young man's education and expences.—ſir Philip anſwered, you are right my lord, I had not thought of this point; we owe you in this reſpect more than we can ever repay, but you know not half the reſpect and affection Edmund bears for you, when reſtitution of his title and fortune are fully made, his happineſs will ſtill depend on you.—how on me, ſaid the baron.—why he will not be happy unleſs you honour him with your notice and eſteem; but this is not all, I muſt hope that you will do ſtill more for him.—indeed! ſaid the baron, he has put my regard for him to a ſevere proof, what further can he expect from me?—my dear lord be not offended, I have only one more propoſal to make to you, if you refuſe it, I can allow for you, and I confeſs it requires greatneſs of mind, but not more than you poſſeſs to grant it.—well ſir, ſpeak your demand?—ſay rather my requeſt.—it is this.—ceaſe to look upon Edmund as the enemy of your houſe, look upon him as a ſon, and make him ſo indeed! how ſay you ſir Philip? my ſon!—yes my lord, give him your daughter, he is already

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your ſon in filial affection; your ſon William and he are ſworn brothers, what remains but to make him yours, he deſerves ſuch a parent, you ſuch a ſon, and you will ingraft into your family, the name, title and eſtate of Lovel, which will be entailed on your poſterity for ever.—this offer requires much conſideration, ſaid the baron.—ſuffer me to ſuggeſt ſome to you, ſaid ſir Philip; this match is, I think verily, pointed out by providence, which hath conducted the dear boy through ſo many dangers, and brought him within view of his happineſs; look on him as the precious relick of a noble houſe, the ſon of my deareſt friend! or look on him as my ſon and heir, and let me as his father, implore you to conſent to his marriage with your daughter?—the baron's heart was touched, he turned away his face.——oh ſir Philip Harclay, what a friend are you!—why ſhould ſuch a man be our enemy?——my lord, ſaid ſir Philip, we are not, cannot be enemies, our hearts are already allied, and I am certain we ſhall one day be dear friends. the baron ſuppreſſed his emotions, but ſir Philip ſaw into his heart.—I muſt conſult my eldeſt ſon, ſaid he.—then ſaid he, I foreſee much difficulty, he is prejudiced againſt Edmund, and thinks the reſtitution of his inheritance an injury to your family, hereafter he will ſee this alliance in a different light, and will rejoice that ſuch a brother is added to the family, but at preſent he will ſet his face againſt it; however we will not deſpair, virtue and reſolution will ſurmount all obſtacles, let me call in young Lovel.

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He brought Edmund to the baron, and acquainted him with the propoſal he had been making in his name, my lord's anſwers and the objections he feared on the part of ſir Robert.—Edmund kneeled to the baron, he took his hand and preſſed it to his lips.—beſt of men! of parents! of patrons! ſaid he, I will ever be your ſon in filial affection, whether I have the honour to be legally ſo or not; not one of your own children can feel a ſtronger ſenſe of love and duty.—tell me, ſaid the baron, do you love my daughter?—I do my lord, with the moſt ardent affection, I never loved any woman but her, and if I am ſo unfortunate as to be refuſed her, I will not marry at all.—oh my lord, reject not my honeſt ſuit! your alliance will give me conſequence with myſelf, it will excite me to act worthy of the ſtation to which I am exalted; if you refuſe me, I ſhall ſeem an abject wretch, diſdained by thoſe whom my heart claims relation to, your family are the whole world to me.—give me your lovely daughter! give me alſo your ſon, my beloved William! and let me ſhare with them the fortune providence beſtows upon me, but what is title or fortune, if I am deprived of the ſociety of thoſe I love?

Edmund, ſaid the baron, you have a noble friend, but you have a ſtronger in my heart, which I think was implanted there by heaven to aid its own purpoſes; I feel a variety of emotions of different kinds, and am afraid to truſt my own heart with you; but anſwer me a queſtion? are you aſſured of my daughter's conſent? have you ſolicited her favour? have you gained her affections?—never my lord! I

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am incapable of ſo baſe an action; I have loved her at an humble diſtance, but in my ſituation I ſhould have thought it a violation of all the laws of gratitude and hoſpitality, to have preſumed to ſpeak the ſentiments of my heart. —then you have acted with unqueſtionable honour on this, and I muſt ſay on all other occaſions.—your approbation my lord is the firſt wiſh of my life, it is the ſeal of my honour and happineſs.

Sir Philip ſmiled.—my lord Fitz-Owen, I am jealous of Edmund's preferable regard for you, it is juſt the ſame now as formerly.—— Edmund came to ſir Philip, he threw himſelf into his arms, he wept, he was overpowered with the feelings of his heart, he prayed to heaven to ſtrengthen his mind to ſupport his inexpreſſible ſenſations!——I am overwhelmed with obligations, ſaid he, oh beſt of friends, teach me like you, to make my actions ſpeak for me!—enough Edmnnd, I know your heart, and that is my ſecurity.—my lord ſpeak to him, and bring him to himſelf by behaving coldly to him if you can.—the baron ſaid, I muſt not truſt myſelf with you, you make a child of me! I will only add, gain my ſon Robert's favour, and be aſſured of mine; I owe ſome reſpect to the heir of my family, he is brave, honeſt and ſincere; your enemies are ſeparated from him, you have William's influence in your behalf, make one effort and let me know the reſult.— Edmund kiſſed his hand in tranſports of joy and gratitude —I will not loſe a moment, ſaid he, I fly to obey your commands.

Edmund went immediately to his friend William and related all that had paſſed between the

the baron, sir Philip and himself.—William promised him his interest in the warmest manner, he recapitulated all that had passed in the castle since his departure, but he guarded his sister's delicacy, till it should be resolved to give way to his address.—they both consulted young Clifford, who had conceived an affection to Edmund for his amiable qualities, and to William for his generous friendship for him.—he promised them his assistance, as sir Robert seemed desirous to cultivate his friendship.—accordingly they both attacked him with the whole artillery of friendship and persuasion.—Clifford urged the merits of Edmund, and the advantages of his alliance.—William enforced his arguments by a retrospect of Edmund's past life, and observed that every obstacle thrown in his way, had brought his enemies to shame, and increase of honour to himself.—I say nothing of his noble qualities and affectionate heart, those who have been so many years his companions, can want no proofs of it.—we know your attachment to him sir, said sir Robert, and in consequence your partiality.—nay, said William, you are sensible of the truth of my assertions, and I am confident would have loved him yourself, but for the insinuations of his enemies; but if he should make good his assertions, even you must be convinced of his veracity.—and you would have my father give him your sister upon this uncertainty?—no sir, but upon these conditions.—but suppose he does not make them good?—then I will be of your party, and give up his interest.—very well sir, my father may do as he pleases, but I cannot agree to give my sister to one who has always

ſtood in the way of our family, and now turns us out of our own houſe.

I am ſorry brother, you ſee his pretenſions in ſo wrong a light, but if you think there is any impoſture in the caſe, go with us and be a witneſs of all that paſſes?—no, not I!—if Edmund is to be maſter of the caſtle, I will never more ſet my foot in it.—this matter, ſaid mr. Clifford, muſt be left to time, which has brought ſtranger things to paſs.—ſir Robert's honour and good ſenſe will enable him to ſubdue his prejudices, and to judge impartially.—they took leave, and went to make preparations for their journey.

Edmund made his report of ſir Robert's inflexibility to his father, in preſence of ſir Philip, who again ventured to urge the baron on his favourite ſubject.—it becomes me to wait for the further proofs, ſaid he, but if they are as clear as I expect, I will not be inexorable to your wiſhes; ſay nothing more on this ſubject till the return of the commiſſioners.——they were profuſe in their acknowldgements of his goodneſs.

Edmund took a tender leave of his two paternal friends; when, ſaid he, I take poſſeſſion of my inheritance, I muſt hope for the company of you both to compleat my happineſs.—of me, ſaid ſir Philip, you may be certain, and as far as my influence reaches, of the baron.—he was ſilent.—Edmund aſſured them of his conſtant prayers for their happineſs.

Soon after the commiſſioners, with Edmund, ſet out for Lovel caſtle, and the following day the lord Clifford ſet out for his own houſe, with baron Fitz-Owen and his ſon.—the nominal

baron

baron was carried with them, very much againſt his will.—ſir Philip Harclay was invited to go with them by lord Clifford, who declared his preſence neceſſary to bring things to a concluſion; they all joined in acknowledging their obligations to lord Graham's generous hoſpitality, they beſought him to accompany them, and at length he conſented, on condition they would allow him to go to and fro, as his duty ſhould call him.

Lord Clifford received them with the greateſt hoſpitality, and preſented them to his lady and three daughters, who were in the bloom of youth and beauty; they ſpent their time very pleaſantly, excepting the criminal, who continued gloomy and reſerved, and declined company.

In the mean time the commiſſioners proceeded on their journey; when they were within a day's diſtance from the caſtle, mr. William and his ſervant put forward, and arrived ſeveral hours before the reſt, to make preparations for their reception.—his ſiſter and brother received them with open arms, and enquired eagerly after the event of the journey to the north.—he gave them a brief account of every thing that had happened to their uncle; adding, but this is not all.—ſir Philip Harclay has brought a young man, whom he pretends is the ſon of the late lord Lovel, and claims his eſtate and title.—this perſon is on his journey hither, with ſeveral others who are commiſſioned to enquire into certain particulars, to confirm his pretenſions; if he makes good his claim, my father will ſurrender the caſtle and eſtate into his hands, ſir Philip and my lord have many

points to ſettle, and he has propoſed a compromiſe that you, my ſiſter, ought to know, becauſe it nearly concerns you.—me brother William," pray explain yourſelf?—why, he propoſes that in lieu of arrears and other expectations, my father ſhall give his dear Emma to the heir of Lovel, in full of all demands.—ſhe changed colour.—holy Mary! ſaid ſhe.—does my father agree to this propoſal?—he is not very averſe to it, but ſir Robert refuſes his conſent; but I have given him my intereſt with you.—have you indeed?——what a ſtranger, perhaps an impoſtor, who comes to turn us out of our dwelling?—have patience my Emma! ſee this young man without prejudice, and perhaps you will like him as well as I do.—I am ſurprized at you William!—dear Emma I cannot bear to ſee you uneaſy; think of the man who of all others you would wiſh to ſee in a ſituation to aſk you of your father, and expect to ſee your wiſhes reallized.—impoſſible, ſaid ſhe!—nothing is impoſſible my dear; let us be prudent, and all will end happily; you muſt help me to receive and entertain theſe commiſſioners.—I expect a very ſolemn ſcene, but when that is once got over, happier hours than the paſt will ſucceed; we ſhall firſt viſit the haunted apartment, you my ſiſter will keep in your own till I ſhall ſend for you.—I go now to give orders to the ſervants.—he went and ordered them to be in waiting, and himſelf and his youngeſt brother ſtood in readineſs to receive them.

The ſound of the horn announced the arrival of the commiſſioners, at the ſame inſtant a ſudden guſt of wind aroſe, and the outward gates flew open,—they entered the court-yard, and

ard the great folding doors into the hall were opened without any aſſiſtance.—the moment Edmund entered the hall, every door in the houſe flew open, the ſervants all ruſhed into the hall, and fear was written on their countenances; Joſeph only was undaunted.—theſe doors, ſaid he, open of their own accord to receive their maſter!—this is he indeed!—Edmund was ſoon apprized of what had happened. —I accept the omen, ſaid he.—gentlemen let us go forward to the apartment!—let us finiſh the work of fate!—I will lead the way; he went on to the apartment, followed by all preſent.—open the ſhutters, ſaid he, the day-light ſhall no longer be excluded here; the deeds of darkneſs ſhall now be brought to light.

They deſcended the ſtaircaſe, every door was open, till they came to the fatal cloſet.—Edmund called to mr. William.—approach my friend, and behold the door your family overlooked!—they came forward, he drew the key out of his boſom and unlocked the door, he made them obſerve that the boards were all looſe; he then called to the ſervants, and bid them remove every thing out of the cloſet.—while they were doing this, Edmund ſhewed them the breaſt plate all ſtained with blood.—he then called to Joſeph.—do you know whoſe was this ſuit of armour?—it was my lord's, ſaid Joſeph, the late lord Lovel,. I have ſeen him wear it.

Edmund bad them bring ſhovels and remove the earth.—while they were gone he deſired Oſwald to repeat all that paſſed the night they ſat up together in that apartment, which he did, till the ſervants returned.—they threw out

the earth while the by-ſtanders in ſolemn ſilence waited the event.—after ſome time and labour they ſtruck againſt ſomething.—they proceeded till they diſcovered a large trunk, which with ſome difficulty they drew out.—it had been corded round, but the cords were rotted to duſt.—they opened it and found a ſkeleton which appeared to have been tied neck and heels together, and forced into the trunk.—behold, ſaid Edmund, the bones of him to whom I owe my birth!—the prieſt from lord Graham's advanced.—this is undoubtedly the body of the lord Lovel, I heard his kinſman confeſs the manner in which he was interred.—let this awful ſpectacle be a leſſon to all preſent! that though wickedneſs may triumph for a ſeaſon, a day of retribution will come.—Oſwald exclaimed, behold the day of retribution! of triumph to the innocent, of ſhame and confuſion to the wicked.

The young gentlemen declared that Edmund had made good his aſſertions, what then ſaid they, remains?—I propoſe, ſaid lord Graham's prieſt, that an account be written of this diſcovery, and ſigned by all the witneſſes preſent, that an atteſted copy be left in the hands of this gentleman, and the original be ſent to the barons and ſir Philip Harclay, to convince them of the truth of it.

Mr. Clifford then deſired Edmund to proceed in his own way.—the firſt thing I propoſe to do is, to have a coffin made for theſe honoured remains, I truſt to find the bones of my other parent, and to inter them altogether in conſecrated ground.—unfortunate pair! you ſhall at laſt reſt together! your ſon ſhall pay the laſt duties

ties to your aſhes!—he ſtopped to ſhed tears, and none preſent but paid this tribute to their misfortunes.—Edmund recovered his voice and proceeded.—my next requeſt is, that father Oſwald and this reverend father, with whoever elſe the gentlemen ſhall appoint, will ſend for Andrew and Margery Twyford, and examine them concerning the circumſtances of my birth, and the death and burial of my unfortunate mother.—it ſhall be done, ſaid mr. William, but firſt let me intreat you to come with me and take ſome refreſhment after your journey, for you muſt be fatigued; after dinner we will proceed in the enquiry.

They all followed him into the great hall, where they were entertained with great hoſpitality, and mr. William did the honours in his father's name.—Edmund's heart was deeply affected, and the ſolemnity of his deportment bore witneſs to his ſincerity, but it was a manly ſorrow, that did not make him neglect his duty to his friends or himſelf.—he enquired after the health of the lady Emma.—ſhe is well, ſaid William, and as much your friend as ever.—Edmund bowed in ſilence.

After dinner the commiſſioners ſent for Andrew and his wife; they examined them ſeparately, and found their accounts agreed together, and were in ſubſtance the ſame as Oſwald and Edmund had before related, ſeparately alſo.—the commiſſioners obſerved, that there could be no colluſion between them, and that the proofs were indiſputable.—they kept the foſter parents all night, and the next day Andrew directed them to the place where the lady Lovel was buried, between two trees which he had

marked

marked for a memorial.—they collected the bones and carried them to the caſtle, where Edmund cauſed a ſtately coffin to be made for the remains of the unfortunate pair.—the two prieſts obtained leave to look in the coffin buried in the church, and found nothing but ſtones and earth in it.—the commiſſioners then declared they were fully ſatisfied of the reallity of Edmund's pretenſions.

The two prieſts were employed in drawing up a circumſtantial account of theſe diſcoveries, in order to make their report to the barons at their return.—in the mean time mr. William took an opportunity to introduce Edmund to his ſiſter.—my Emma, ſaid he, the heir of Lovel is deſirous to pay his reſpects to you.—they were both in apparent confuſion, but Edmund's wore off, and Emma's increaſed. I have been long deſirous, ſaid he, to pay my reſpects to the lady whom I moſt honour, but unavoidable duties have detained me, when theſe are fully paid, it is my wiſh to devote the remainder of my life to lady Emma!—are you then the heir of Lovel?—I am madam, and am alſo the man in whoſe behalf I once preſumed to ſpeak.—'tis very ſtrange indeed!—it is ſo madam to myſelf, but time that reconciles us to all things, will, I hope, render this change in my ſituation familiar to you.—William ſaid, you are both well acquainted with the wiſhes of my heart, but my advice is, that you do not encourage a farther intimacy till my lord's determination be fully known.—you may diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe, ſaid Edmund, but I cannot help declaring my wiſhes, yet I will ſubmit to my lord's ſentence, though he ſhould doom me to deſpair.

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From this period, the young pair behaved with ſolemn reſpect to each other, but with apparent reſerve.—the young lady ſometimes appeared in company, but oftener chose to be in her own apartment, where ſhe began to believe and hope for the completion of her wiſhes.—the uncertainty of the baron's determination, threw an air of anxiety over Edmund's face.—his friend William, by the moſt tender care and attentions, ſtrove to diſpel his fears, and encourage his hopes, but he waited with impatience for the return of the commiſſioners, and the deciſion of his fate.

While theſe things paſſed at the caſtle of Lovel, the nominal baron recovered his health and ſtrength at the houſe of lord Clifford.—in the ſame proportion he grew more and more ſhy and reſerved, avoided the company of his brother and nephew, and was frequently ſhut up with his two ſervants.—ſir Robert Fitz-Owen made ſeveral attempts to gain his confidence, but in vain; he was equally ſhy to him as the reſt.—M. Zadiſky obſerved his motions with the penetration for which his countrymen have been diſtinguiſhed in all ages.—he communicated his ſuſpicions to ſir Philip and the barons, giving it as his opinion that the criminal was meditating an eſcape.—they aſked what he thought was to be done?—Zadiſky offered to watch him in turn with another perſon, and to lye in wait for him.—he alſo propoſed that horſes ſhould be kept in readineſs, and men to mount them, without knowledge of the ſervice they were to be employed in.—the barons agreed to leave the whole management of this affair to Zadiſky.—he took his meaſures ſo well,

well, that he intercepted the three fugitives in the fields adjoining to the houſe, and brought all three back priſoners.—they confined them ſeparately, while the lords and gentlemen conſulted how to diſpoſe of them.

Sir Philip applied to lord Fitz-Owen, he begged leave to be ſilent.—I have nothing, ſaid he, to offer in favour of this bad man, and I cannot propoſe harſher meaſures with ſo near a relation.—Zadiſky then begged to be heard. —you can have no longer any reliance upon the word of a man who has forfeited all pretenſions to honour and ſincerity; I have long wiſhed to reviſit once more my native country, and to enquire after ſome very dear friends I left there; I will undertake to convey this man to a very diſtant part of the world, where it will be out of his power to do further miſchief, and free his relations from an ungrateful charge, unleſs you ſhould rather chooſe to bring him to puniſhment here.—lord Clifford approved of the propoſal, lord Fitz-Owen remained ſilent, but ſhowed no marks of diſapprobation.

Sir Philip objected to parting with his friend, but Zadiſky aſſured him he had particular reaſons for returning to the holy land, of which he ſhould be judge hereafter.—ſir Philip deſired the lord Fitz-Owen to give him his company to the criminal's apartment, ſaying, we will have one more converſation with him, and that ſhall decide his fate.—they found him ſilent and ſullen, and he refuſed to anſwer their queſtions.—ſir Philp then beſpoke him.—after the proofs you have given of your falſehood and inſincerity, we can no longer have any reliance upon you, nor faith in your fulfilling the conditions

ditions of our agreement; I will therefore once more make you a propoſal that ſhall ſtill leave you indebted to our clemency; you ſhall baniſh yourſelf from England for ever, and go in pilgrimage to the holy land, with ſuch companions as we ſhall appoint.—or ſecondly, you ſhall enter directly into a monaſtry, and there be ſhut up for life.—or thirdly, if you refuſe both theſe offers, I will go directly to court, thrown myſelf at the feet of my ſovereign, relate the whole ſtory of your wicked life and actions, and demand vengeance on your head. —the king is too good and pious to let ſuch villany go unpuniſhed; he will bring you to publick ſhame and puniſhment; and be you aſſured if I begin this proſecution, I will purſue it to the utmoſt.—I appeal to your worthy brother for the juſtice of my proceeding.—I reaſon no more with you, I only declare my reſolution.—I wait your anſwer one hour, and the next I put in execution whatever you ſhall oblige me to determine.—ſo ſaying they retired, and left him to reflect and to reſolve.—at the expiration of the hour they ſent Zadiſky to receive his anſwer.—he inſinuated to him the generoſity and charity of ſir Philip and the lords, and the certainty of their reſolutions, and begged him to take care what anſwer he returned, for that his fate depended on it.—he kept ſilent ſeveral minutes, reſentment and deſpair were painted on his viſage.—at length he ſpoke.

Tell my proud enemies that I prefer baniſhment to death, infamy, or a life of ſolitude.—you have choſen well, ſaid Zadiſky, to a wiſe man all countries are alike, it ſhall be my care to make mine agreeable to you.—are you

you then the perſon choſen for my companion?—I am ſir, and you may judge by that circumſtance, that thoſe whom you call your enemies, are not ſo in effect.—farewel ſir, I go to prepare for our departure.

Zadiſky went and made his report, and then ſet immediately about his preparations.——he choſe two active young men for his attendants, and gave them directions to keep a ſtrict eye upon their charge, for that they ſhould be accountable if he ſhould eſcape them.

In the mean time the baron Fitz-Owen had ſeveral conferences with his brother, he endeavoured to make him ſenſible of his crimes, and of the juſtice and clemency of his conqueror, but he was moody and reſerved to him as to the reſt.—ſir Philip Harclay obliged him to ſurrender his worldly eſtates into the hands of lord Fitz-Owen.—a writing was drawn up for that purpoſe, and executed in the preſence of them all.—lord Fitz-Owen engaged to allow him an annual ſum, and to advance money for the expences of his voyage.—he ſpoke to him in the moſt affectionate manner, but he refuſed his embrace.—you will have nothing to regret, ſaid he, haughtily, for the gain is yours.-ſir Philip conjured Zadiſky to return to him again.—he anſwered, I will either return, or give ſuch reaſons for my ſtay, as you ſhall approve.—I will ſend a meſſenger to acquaint you with my arrival in Syria, and with ſuch other particulars as I ſhall judge intereſting to you and yours.—in the mean time remember me in your prayers, and preſerve for me thoſe ſentiments of friendſhip and eſteem, that I have always deemed one of the chief honours and bleſſings of my life.—

life.—commend my love and duty to your adopted ſon, he will more than ſupply my abſence, and be the comfort of your old age.—adieu, beſt and nobleſt of friends!—they took a tender leave of each other, not without tears on both ſides.

The travellers ſet out directly for a diſtant ſea port, where they heard of a ſhip bound for the Levant, in which they embarked and proceeded on their voyage.

The commiſſioners arrived at lord Clifford's a few days after the departure of the adventurers; they gave a minute account of their commiſſion, and expreſſed themſelves entirely ſatisfied of the juſtice of Edmund's pretenſions; they gave an account in writing of all that they had been eye witneſs to, and ventured to urge the baron Fitz-Owen on the ſubject of Edmund's wiſhes.—the baron was already diſpoſed in his favour, his mind was employed in the future eſtabliſhment of his family.—during their reſidence at lord Clifford's, his eldeſt ſon ſir Robert had caſt his eye upon the eldeſt daughter of that nobleman, and he beſought his father to aſk her in marriage for him.—the baron was pleaſed with the alliance, and took the firſt opportunity to mention it to lord Clifford; who anſwered him pleaſantly.—I will give my daughter to your ſon, upon condition that you will give yours to the heir of Lovel.—the baron looked ſerious.—lord Clifford went on.—I like that young man ſo well, that I would accept him for a ſon-in-law, if he aſked me for my daughter, and if I have any influence with you I will uſe it in his behalf.—a powerful ſolicitor indeed! ſaid the

baron.—but you know my eldeſt ſon's reluctance to it; if he conſents, ſo will I.—he ſhall conſent, ſaid lord Clifford, or he ſhall have no daughter of mine.—let him ſubdue his prejudices, and then I will lay aſide my ſcruples.—but my lord, if I can obtain his free conſent, it will be beſt for all.—I will try once more, if he will not, I will leave it wholly to your management.

When the noble company were all aſſembled, ſir Philip Harclay revived the ſubject, and beſought the lord Fitz-Owen to put an end to the work he had begun, by confirming Edmund's happineſs—the baron roſe up and thus ſpoke.—the proofs of Edmund's noble birth, the ſtill ſtronger ones of his excellent endowments and qualities; the ſolicitations of ſo many noble friends in his behalf, have altogether determined me in his favour, and I hope to do juſtice to his merit, without detriment to my other children; I am reſolved to make them all as happy as my power will allow me to do; lord Clifford has been ſo gracious to promiſe his fair daughter to my ſon Robert, upon certain conditions, that I will take upon me to ratify, and which will render my ſon worthy of the happineſs that awaits him; my children are the undoubted heirs of my unhappy brother Lovel, you my ſon ſhall immediately take poſſeſſion of your uncle's houſe and eſtate, only obliging you to pay to each of your younger brothers, the ſum of one thouſand pounds; on this condition I will ſecure that eſtate to you and your heirs for ever! I will by my own act and deed, ſurrender the caſtle and eſtate of Lovel to the right owner, and at the ſame time

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marry him to my daughter: I will ſettle a proper allowance upon my two younger ſons, and diſpoſe of what remains by a will and teſtament, and then I ſhall have done all my buſineſs in this world, and ſhall have nothing to do but prepare for the next.

Oh my father! ſaid ſir Robert, I cannot bear your generoſity! you would give away all to others, and reſerve nothing for yourſelf.—not ſo my ſon, ſaid the baron.—I will repair my old caſtle in Wales, and reſide there.—I will viſit my children, and be viſited by them; I will enjoy their happineſs, and by that means increaſe my own; whether I look backwards or forwards I ſhall have nothing to do but rejoice, and be thankful to heaven that has given me ſo many bleſſings; I ſhall have the comfortable reflections of having diſcharged my duties as a citizen, a huſband, a father, a friend, and whenever I am ſummoned away from this world, I ſhall die content.

Sir Robert came forward with tears on his cheeks, he kneeled to his father.—beſt of parents, and of men! ſaid he, you have ſubdued a heart that has been too refractory to your will; you have this day made me ſenſible how much I owe to your goodneſs and forbearance with me; forgive me all that is paſt, and from henceforward diſpoſe of me, I will have no will but yours, no ambition but to be worthy of the name of your ſon.—and this day, ſaid the baron, do I enjoy the true happineſs of a father! riſe my ſon, and take poſſeſſion of the firſt place in my affection without reſerve.—they embraced with tears on both ſides.—the company roſe and congratulated both father

and ſon.—the baron preſented his ſon to lord Clifford, who embraced him, and ſaid, you ſhall have my daughter, for I ſee that you deſerve her.

Sir Philip Harclay approached.—the baron gave his ſon's hand to the knight.—love and reſpect that good man, ſaid he, deſerve his friendſhip, and you will obtain it.—nothing but congratulations were heard on all ſides.

When their joy was in ſome degree, reduced to compoſure, ſir Philip propoſed that they ſhould begin to execute the ſchemes of happineſs they had planned.—he propoſed that my lord Fitz-Owen ſhould go with him to the caſtle of Lovel and ſettle the family there.—the baron conſented, and both together invited ſuch of the company as liked it, to accompany them thither.—a nephew of lord Graham's, another of lord Clifford's, two gentlemen, friends of ſir Philip Harclay, ſeveral of his dependants and domeſticks; father Oſwald and the attendants on the reſt.—lord Fitz-Owen gave orders for their ſpeedy departure.—lord Graham and his friends took leave of them in order to return to his own home; but before he went, he engaged his eldeſt nephew and heir to the ſecond daughter of the lord Clifford.—ſir Robert offered himſelf to the eldeſt, who modeſtly received his addreſs, and made no objection to his propoſal.—the fathers confirmed their engagement.

Lord Fitz-Owen promiſed to return to the celebration of the marriage, in the mean time he ordered his ſon to go and take poſſeſſion of his uncle's houſe, and to ſettle his houſehold; he invited young Clifford and ſome other gentlemen

ſtemen to go with him.—the company ſeparated with regret, and with many promiſes of friendſhip on all ſides, and the gentlemen of the north were to cultivate the good neighbourhood on both ſides of the borders.

Sir Philip Harclay and the baron Fitz-Owen, with their friends and attendants ſet forwards for the caſtle of Lovel; a ſervant went before at full ſpeed to acquaint the family of their approach.—Edmund was in great anxiety of mind, now the criſis of his fate was near at hand.—he enquired of the meſſenger who were of the party, and finding that ſir Philip Harclay was there, and that ſir Robert Fitz-Owen ſtaid in the north, his hopes roſe above his fears.—mr. William, attended by a ſervant, rode forward to meet them; he deſired Edmund to ſtay and receive them.—he was under ſome difficulty with regard to his behaviour to the lovely Emma; a thouſand times his heart roſe to his lips, as often he ſuppreſſed his emotions.—they both ſighed frequently, ſaid little, thought much, and wiſhed for the event.—maſter Walter was too young to partake of their anxieties, but he wiſhed for the arrival of his father to end them.

Mr. William's impatience ſpurred him on to meet his father.—as ſoon as he ſaw him, he rode up directly to him.—my dear father, you are welcome home! ſaid he.—I think not ſir, ſaid the baron, and looked ſerious.—why ſo my lord? ſaid William.—becauſe it is no longer mine, but another man's home, anſwered he, and I muſt receive my welcome from him.—meaning Edmund?—ſaid William, whom elſe can it be?—ah my lord! he is your creature,

ture, your ſervant, he puts his fate into your hands, and will ſubmit to your pleaſure in all things!—why comes he not to meet us? ſaid the baron.—his fears prevent him, ſaid William, but ſpeak the word and I will fetch him?—no, ſaid the baron, we will wait on him.—William looked confuſed.—is Edmund ſo unfortunate, ſaid he, as to have incurred your diſpleaſure?—ſir Philip Harclay advanced, and laid his hand on William's ſaddle.—generous impatience! noble youth! ſaid he, look round you, and ſee if you can diſcover in this company one enemy of your friend? leave to your excellent father the time and manner of explaining himſelf, he only can do juſtice to his own ſentiments.—the baron ſmiled on ſir Philip.—William's countenance cleared up, they went forward and ſoon arrived at the caſtle of Lovel.

Edmund was walking to and fro in the hall, when he heard the horn that announced their arrival, his emotions were ſo great that he could hardly ſupport them.—the baron and ſir Philip entered the hall hand in hand; Edmund threw himſelf at their feet and embraced their knees, but could not utter a word.—they raiſed him between them, and ſtrove to encourage him, but he threw himſelf into the arms of ſir Philip Harclay, deprived of ſtrength, and almoſt of life.—they ſupported him to a ſeat, where he recovered by degrees, but had no power to ſpeak his feelings.—he looked up to his benefactors in the moſt affecting manner, he laid his hand upon his boſom, but was ſtill ſilent.—compoſe yourſelf my dear ſon, ſaid ſir Philip, you are in the arms of your beſt friends,

look

look up to the happineſs that awaits you, enjoy the bleſſings that heaven ſends you, lift up your heart in gratitude to the Creator, and think leſs of what you owe to the creature! you will have time enough to pay us your acknowledgements hereafter.

The company came round them, the ſervants flocked into the hall, ſhouts of joy were heard on all ſides, the baron came and took Edmund's hand.—riſe ſir, ſaid he, and do the honours of your houſe! it is yours from this day, we are your gueſts, and expect from you our welcome!—Edmund kneeled to the baron, he ſpoke with a faltering voice.—my lord, I am yours! all that I have is at your devotion!—diſpoſe of me as it pleaſes you beſt.—the baron embraced him with the greateſt affection, look round you, ſaid he, and ſalute yo friends, theſe gentlemen came hither to do ou honour.—Edmund revived, he embraced and welcomed the gentlemen.--father Oſwald received his embrace with peculiar affection, and gave him his benediction in a moſt affecting manner.—Edmund exclaimed, pray for me father! that I may bear all theſe bleſſings with gratitude and moderation!—he then ſaluted and ſhook hand with all the ſervants, not omitting the meaneſt.—he diſtinguiſhed Joſeph by a cordial embrace, he called him his dear friend, —now, ſaid he, I can return your friendſhip, and I am proud to acknowledge it!—the old man with a faltering voice cried out.—now I have lived long enough! I have ſeen my maſter's ſon acknowledged for the heir of Lovel! the hall ecchoed with his words.—long live the heir of Lovel!

The

The baron took Edmund's hands in his own. —let us retire from this croud, ſaid he, we have buſineſs of a more private nature to tranſact.—he led to the parlour, followed by ſir Philip and the other gentlemen.—where are my other children, ſaid he?—William retired and preſently returned with his brother and ſiſter.—they kneeled to their father, who raiſed and embraced them.—he then called out, William!—Edmund!—come and receive my bleſſing alſo.—they approached hand in hand, they kneeled, and he gave them a ſolemn benediction.—your friendſhip deſerves our praiſe, my children! love each other always! and may heaven pour down its choiceſt bleſſings upon your heads!—they roſe and embraced in ſilent raptures of joy.—Edmund preſented his friend to ſir Philip.—I underſtand you, ſaid he, this gentleman was my firſt acquaintance of this family, he has a title to the ſecond place in my heart, I ſhall tell him at more leiſure how much I love and honour him for his own ſake as well as yours.——he embraced the youth, and deſired his friendſhip.

Come hither my Emma! ſaid the baron.—ſhe approached with tears on her cheek, ſweetly bluſhing, like the damaſk roſe, wet with the dew of the morning.—I muſt aſk you a ſerious queſtion my child, anſwer me with the ſame ſincerity you would to heaven?—you ſee this young man, the heir of Lovel! you have known him long, conſult your own heart, and tell me whether you have any objection to receive him for your huſband?—I have promiſed to all this company to give you to him, but upon condition that you approve him; I think

think him worthy of you, and whether you accept him or not, he ſhall ever be to me a ſon, but heaven forbid that I ſhould compel my child to give her hand where ſhe cannot beſtow her heart; ſpeak freely, and decide this point for me and for yourſelf?—the fair Emma bluſhed and was under ſome confuſion. —her virgin modeſty prevented her ſpeaking for ſome moments.—Edmund trembled, he leaned upon William's ſhoulder to ſupport himſelf.—the fair Emma caſt her eye upon him, ſhe ſaw his emotion and haſtened to relieve him.—ſhe ſpoke in a ſoft voice which gathered ſtrength as ſhe proceeded.—my lord and father's goodneſs has always prevented my wiſhes; I am the happieſt of all children, in being able to obey his commands, without offering violence to my own inclinations; as I am called upon in this publick manner, it is but juſtice to this gentleman's merit to declare, that were I at liberty to chooſe a huſband from all the world, he only ſhould be my choice, who I can ſay with joy is my father's alſo.—Edmund bowed low, he advanced towards her.—the baron took his daughter's hand, and preſented it to him.—he kneeled upon one knee, he took her hand, kiſſed it, and preſſed it to his boſom.—the baron embraced and bleſſed them.—he preſented them to ſir Philip Harclay.——receive and acknowledge your children, ſaid he!—I do receive them as the gift of heaven! ſaid the noble knight, they are as much mine as if I had begotten them; all that I have is theirs, and ſhall deſcend to their children for ever.—a freſh ſcene of congratulation enſued, and the hearts of all the auditors

auditors were too much engaged, to be able ſoon to return to the eaſe and tranquility of common life,

After they had refreſhed themſelves, and recovered from the emotions they had ſuſtained on this intereſting occaſion.—Edmund thus addreſſed the baron.—on the brink of happineſs I muſt claim your attention to a melancholy ſubject; the bones of both my parents lie unburied in this houſe, permit me, my honoured lord, to perform my laſt duties to them, and the remainder of my life ſhall be devoted to you and yours.—certainly, ſaid the baron, why have you not interred them?—my lord I waited for your arrival, that you might be certified of the reallity, and that no doubts might remain.—I have no doubts, ſaid the baron.—alas, both the crime and puniſhment of the offender leave no room for them!—he ſighed.—let us now put an end to this affair, and if poſſible, forget it for ever.

If it will not be too painful to you my lord, I would intreat you, with theſe gentlemen our friends, to follow me into the eaſt apartment, the ſcene of my parents woes, and yet the dawning of my better hopes.

They roſe to attend him, he committed the lady Emma to the care of her youngeſt brother, obſerving that the ſcene was too ſolemn for a lady to be preſent.—they proceeded to the apartment, he ſhewed the baron the fatalcloſet, and the place where the bones were found, alſo the trunk that contained them.—he recapitulated all that paſſed before their arrival.—he ſhewed them the coffin where the bones of the unfortunate pair were depoſited.—he then

deſired

desired the baron to give orders for their interment.—no, said he, it belongs to you to order, and every one here is ready to perform it.—— Edmund then desired father Oswald to give notice to the friars of the monastry of St. Austin, that, with their permission, the funeral should be solemnized there, and the bones interred in the church; he also gave orders that the closet should be floored, the apartment repaired, and put in order.—he then returned to the other side of the castle.

Preparations being made for the funeral, it was performed a few days after.—Edmund attended in person as chief mourner, sir Philip Harclay as the second; Joseph desired he might assist as servant to the deceased.—they were followed by most people of the village.—the story was now become publick, and every one blessed Edmund for the piety and devotion with which he performed the last duties to his parents.—Edmund appeared in deep mourning the week after; he assisted at a mass for the repose of the deceased

Sir Philip Harclay ordered a monument to be erected to the memory of his friends, with the following inscription.

" Praye for the soules of Authur lord Lovele
" and Marie his wife who were cutt off in the
" flowere of theire youthe, bye the trecherye
" and crueltie of theire neare kinnesmanne.—
" Edmunde theire onlie sonne, one and twentie
" yeares after their deathe, by the direction
" of heavene, made the discoverye of the man-
" nere of theire deathe, and at the same time
" proved his owne birthe.—he collected theire
" bones together, and interred them in this
" place.

" place.—a warning and proofe to late poſ-
" teritie, of the juſtice of providence, and the
" certaintie of Retribution."

The Sunday after the funeral, Edmund threw off his mourning, and appeared in a dreſs ſuitable to his condition.——he received the compliments of his friends with eaſe and chearfulneſs, and began to enjoy his happineſs.—he aſked an audience of his fair miſtreſs, and was permitted to declare the paſſion he had ſo long ſtiffled in his own boſom —ſhe gave him a favourable hearing, and in a ſhort time confeſſed that ſhe had ſuffered equally in the ſuſpenſe that was ſo grievous to him.—they engaged themſelves by mutual vows to each other, and only waited the baron's pleaſure to complete their happineſs; every cloud was vaniſhed from their brows, and ſweet tranquility took poſſeſſion of their boſoms.—their friends ſhared their happineſs, William and Edmund renewed their vows of everlaſting friendſhip, and promiſed to be as much together as William's other duties would permit.

The baron once more ſummoned all his company together; he told Edmund all that paſſed relating to his brother-in-law, his exile and the pilgrimage of Zadiſky; he then related the circumſtances of ſir Robert's engagement to lord Clifford's daughter, his eſtabliſhment in his uncle's ſeat, and his own obligations to return time enough to be preſent at the marriage; but before I go, ſaid he, I will give my daughter to the heir of Lovel, and then I ſhall have diſcharged my duty to him, and my promiſe to ſir Philip Harclay.

You

You have nobly performed both, ſaid ſir Philip, and whenever you depart I ſhall be your companion.—what, ſaid Edmund, am I to be deprived of both my fathers at once?—my honoured lord, you have given away two houſes, where do you intend to reſide?—no matter, ſaid the baron, I know I ſhall be welcome to both.—my dear lord, ſaid Edmund, ſtay here and be ſtill the maſter, I ſhall be proud to be under your command, and to be your ſervant as well as your ſon!—no Edmund, ſaid the baron, that would not now be proper, this is your caſtle, you are its lord and maſter, and it is incumbent on you to ſhow yourſelf worthy of the great things providence has done for you.—how ſhall I, a young man, acquit myſelf of ſo many duties as will be upon me, without the advice and aſſiſtance of my two paternal friends? oh ſir Philip, will you too leave me? once you gave me hopes.—he ſtopped, greatly affected.—ſir Philip ſaid, tell me truly, Edmund, do you really deſire that I ſhould live with you?—as truly ſir, as I deſire life and happineſs!——then my dear child, I will live and die with you!—they embraced with tears of affection, and Edmund was all joy and gratitude.—my good lord, ſaid ſir Philip, you have diſpoſed of two houſes, and have none ready to receive you, will you accept of mine, it is much at your ſervice, and its being in the ſame county with your eldeſt ſon, will be an inducement to you to reſide there?—the baron caught ſir Philip's hand.—noble ſir, I thank you, and I will embrace your kind offer, I will be your tenant for the preſent, my caſtle in Wales ſhall be put in repair,

in the mean time, if I do not reſide there, it will be an eſtabliſhment for one of my younger ſons; but what will you do with your old ſoldiers and dependants?—my lord, I will never caſt them off, there is another houſe on my eſtate that has been ſhut up many years, I will have it repaired and furniſhed properly for the reception of my old men; I will endow it with a certain ſum to be paid annually, and I will appoint a ſteward to manage their revenue; I will continue it during the lives of the firſt inhabitants, and after that I ſhall leave it to my ſon here, to do as he pleaſes.—your ſon, ſaid Edmund, will make it the buſineſs of his life to act worthy of ſuch a father.—enough, ſaid ſir Philip, I am ſatisfied that you will; I purpoſe to reſide myſelf in that very apartment which my dear friend your father inhabited; I will tread in his footſteps, and think he ſees me acting his part in his ſon's family; I will be attended by my own ſervants, and whenever you deſire it, I will give you my company; your joys, your griefs ſhall be mine, I ſhall hold your children in my arms, and their prattle ſhall amuſe my old age; and as my laſt earthly wiſh, your hands ſhall cloſe my eyes.—long, very long, ſaid Edmund, (with eyes and hands lifted up) may it be e'er I perform ſo ſad a duty!—long and happily may you live together, ſaid the baron, I will hope to ſee you ſometimes, and to claim a ſhare in your bleſſings!—but let us give no more tears to ſorrow, the reſt ſhall be thoſe of joy and tranſport; the firſt ſtep we take ſhall be to marry our Edmund, I will give orders for the celebration, and they ſhall be the laſt orders I

ſhall

ſhall give in this houſe.—they then ſeparated and went to prepare for the approaching ſolemnity.

Sir Philip and the baron had a private conference concerning Edmund's aſſuming the name and title of Lovel.—I am reſolved, ſaid ſir Philip, to go to the king, to acquaint him briefly with Edmund's hiſtory; I will requeſt that he may be called up to parliament by a writ, for there is no need of a new patent, he being the true inheritor; in the mean time he ſhall aſſume the name, arms and title, and I will anſwer any one that ſhall diſpute his right to them.—ſir Philip then declared his reſolution to ſet out with the baron at his departure, and to ſettle all his other affairs before he returned to take up his reſidence at the caſtle.

A few days after, the marriage was celebrated to the entire ſatisfaction of all parties. —the baron ordered the doors to be thrown open, and the houſe free for all comers, with every other token of joy and feſtivity.—Edmund appeared full of joy without levity, of mirth without extravagance.—he received the congratulations of his friends, with eaſe, freedom and vivacity; he ſent for his foſter father, and mother, who began to think themſelves neglected, as he had been ſo deeply engaged in affairs of more conſequence, that he had not been particularly attentive to them; he made them come into the great hall, and preſented them to his lady.

Theſe, ſaid he, are the good people to whom I am, under God, indebted for my preſent happineſs; they were my firſt benefactors,

I was obliged to them for food and ſuſtenance in my childhood, and this good woman nouriſhed my infancy at her own breaſt.—the lady received them graciouſly, and ſaluted Margery.—Andrew kneeled down, and with great humility, begged Edmund's pardon for his treatment of him in his childhood.—I heartily forgive you, ſaid he, and I will excuſe you to yourſelf; it was natural for you to look upon me as an intruder, that was eating your children's bread; you ſaved my life, and afterwards you ſuſtained it by your food and raiment? I ought to have maintained myſelf, and to have contributed to your maintenance; but beſides this, your treatment of me was the firſt of my preferment, it recommended me to the notice of this noble family; every thing that happened to me ſince, has been a ſtep to my preſent ſtate of honour and happineſs; never man had ſo many benefactors as myſelf, but both they and myſelf have been only inſtruments in the hands of providence, to bring about its own purpoſes; let us praiſe God for all! I ſhared your poverty, and you ſhall ſhare my riches; I will give you the cottage where you dwell, and the ground about it; I will alſo pay you the annual ſum of ten pounds for the lives of you both, I will put out your children to manual trades, and aſſiſt you to provide for them in their own ſtation, and you are to look upon this as paying a debt, and not beſtowing a gift; I owe you more than I can ever pay, and if there be any thing further in my power that will contribute to your happineſs, you can aſk nothing in reaſon that I will deny you.

Andrew

Andrew hid his face.—I cannot bear it! ſaid he, oh what a brute was I, to abuſe ſuch a child as this! I ſhall never forgive myſelf!—you muſt indeed my friend, for I forgive and thank you!—Andrew retired back, but Margery came forward, ſhe looked earneſtly on Edmund, ſhe then threw her arms about his neck, and wept aloud.—my precious child! my lovely babe, thank God I have lived to ſee this day!—I will rejoice in your good fortune, and your bounty to us, but I muſt aſk one more favour yet? that I may ſometimes come hither and behold that gracious countenance, and thank God that I was honoured ſo far as to give thee food from my own breaſt, and to bring thee up to be a bleſſing to me, and to all that know thee?—Edmund was affected, he returned her embrace; he bad her come to the caſtle as often as ſhe pleaſed, and ſhe ſhould always be received as his mother; the bride ſaluted her, and told her the oftener ſhe came, the more welcome ſhe ſhould be.—Margery and her huſband retired full of bleſſings and prayers for their happineſs.—ſhe gave vent to her joy, by relating to the ſervants and neighbours every circumſtance of Edmund's birth, infancy and childhood.—many a tear was dropped by the auditors, and many a prayer wafted to heaven for his happineſs.—Joſeph took up the ſtory where ſhe left it; he told the riſing dawn of youth and virtue, darting its rays through the clouds of obſcurity, and how every ſtroke of envy and malignity bruſhed away ſome part of the darkneſs that veiled its luſtre: he told the ſtory of the haunted apartment, and all the conſe-

quences of it, how he and Oſwald conveyed the youth away from the caſtle, no more to return till he came as maſter of it.—he cloſed the tale with praiſe to heaven for the happy diſcovery, that gave ſuch an heir to the houſe of Lovel; to his dependants ſuch a lord and maſter; to mankind a friend and benefactor.—there was truly a houſe of joy, not that falſe kind, in the midſt of which there is heavineſs, but that of rational creatures, grateful to the ſupreme benefactor, raiſing their minds by a due enjoyment of earthly bleſſings, to a preparation for a more perfect ſtate hereafter.

A few days after the wedding, the lord Fitz Owen began to prepare for his journey to the north.—he gave to Edmund the plate, linen, and furniture of the caſtle, the farming ſtock and utenſils; he would have added a ſum of money, but ſir Philip ſtopped his hand.—we do not forget, ſaid he, that you have other children, we will not ſuffer you to injure them; give us your bleſſing and paternal affection, and we have nothing more to aſk: I told you my lord, that you and I ſhould one day be ſincere friends.—we muſt be ſo, anſwered the baron, it is impoſſible to be long your enemy, we are brothers, and ſhall be to our lives end.

They regulated the young man's houſehold, the baron gave leave to the ſervants to chooſe their maſter.—the elder ones followed him, (except Joſeph, who deſired to live with Edmund, as the chief happineſs of his life.) moſt of the younger ones choſe the ſervice of the youthful pair.—there was a tender and affectionate parting on all ſides.—Edmund beſought

fought his beloved William not to leave him. —the baron ſaid, he muſt inſiſt on his being at his brother's wedding, as a due attention to him, but after that he ſhould return to the caſtle for ſome time.

The baron and ſir Philip Harclay, and their train ſet forward.—ſir Philip went to London and obtained all he deſired for his Edmund; from thence he went into Yorkſhire, and ſettled his affairs there, removing his penſioners to his other houſe, and putting lord Fitz-Owen in poſſeſſion of his own; they had a generous contention about the terms, but ſir Philip inſiſted on the baron's accepting the uſe of every thing there, you hold it in truſt for a future grandchild, ſaid he, whom I hope to live to endow with it.

During ſir Philip's abſence, the young lord Lovel cauſed the haunted apartment to be repaired and furniſhed for the reception of his father by adoption.—he placed his friend Joſeph over all his men ſervants, and ordered him to forbear his attendance, but the old man would always ſtand at the ſide board, and feaſt his eyes with the countenance of his own maſter's ſon, ſurrounded with honour and happineſs.—John Wyatt waited upon the perſon of his lord, and enjoyed his favour without abatement.——mr. William Fitz-Owen accompanied ſir Philip Harclay from the north country, when he returned to take up his reſidence at the caſtle of Lovel.

Edmund in the arms of love and friendſhip, enjoyed with true reliſh the bleſſings that ſurrounded him, with an heart overflowing with benevolence to his fellow creatures, and raptures

tures of gratitude to his Creator.—his lady and himſelf were examples of conjugal affection and happineſs.—within a year from his marriage ſhe brought him a ſon and heir, whoſe birth renewed the joy and congratulations of all his friends.—the baron Fitz-Owen came to the baptiſm, and partook of his children's bleſſings; the child was called Arthur, after the name of his grandfather.

The year following was born a ſecond ſon, who was called Philip Harclay, upon him the noble knight of that name ſettled his eſtate in Yorkſhire; and by the king's permiſſion, he took the name and arms of that family.

The third ſon was called William, he inherited the fortune of his uncle of that name, who adopted him, and he made the caſtle of Lovel his reſidence, and died a bachelor.

The fourth ſon was called Edmund, the fifth Owen, and there was alſo a daughter called Emma.

When time had worn out the prejudices of ſir Robert Fitz-Owen, the good old baron of that name, propoſed a marriage between his eldeſt ſon and heir, and the daughter of Edmund lord Lovel, which was happily concluded.—the nuptials were honoured with the preſence of both families, and the old baron was ſo elevated with this happy union of his deſcendants, that he cried out.—now I am ready to die, I have lived long enough! this is the band of love that unites all my children to me, and to each other!—he did not long ſurvive this happy event, he died full of years and honours, and his name was never mentioned but with the deepeſt marks of gratitude,

love

love and veneration—ſweet is the remembrance of the virtuous, and happy are the deſcendants of ſuch a father! they will think on him and emulate his virtues, they will remember him, and be aſhamed to degenerate from their anceſtor.

Many years after ſir Philip Harclay ſettled at the caſtle, he received tidings from his friend Zadiſky, by one of the two ſervants who attended him to the holy land.—from him he learned that his friend had diſcovered by private advices, that he had a ſon living in Paleſtine, which was the chief motive of his leaving England.—that he met with various adventures in purſuit of him; that at length he found him, converted him to the chriſtian religion, and then perſuaded him to retire from the world into a monaſtry by the ſide of mount Libanus, where he intended to end his days.

That Walter, commonly called lord Lovel, had entered into the ſervice of the Greek emperor, John Paleologus, not bearing to undergo a life of ſolitude aud retirement.—that he made up a ſtory of his being compelled to leave his native country by his relations, for having accidentially killed one of them, and that he was treated with great cruelty and injuſtice, that he had accepted a poſt in the emperor's army, and was ſoon after married to the daughter of one of the chief officers of it.

Zadiſky foreſaw, and lamented the downfal of that empire, and withdrew from the ſtorm he ſaw approaching.—finally he bad the meſſenger tell ſir Philip Harclay and his adopted ſon,

ſon, that he ſhould not ceaſe to pray for them, and deſired their prayers in return.

Sir Philip deſired lord Lovel to entertain this meſſenger in his ſervice.—that good knight lived to extreme old age in honour and happineſs, and died in the arms of his beloved Edmund, who alſo performed the laſt duties to his faithful Joſeph.

Father Oſwald lived many years in the family as chaplain, he retired from thence at length, and died in his own monaſtry.

Edmund lord Lovel lived to old age, in peace, honour and happineſs, and died in the arms of his children.

Sir Philip Harclay cauſed the papers relating to his ſon's hiſtory to be collected together, the firſt part of it was written under his own eye in Yorkſhire, the ſubſequent parts by father Oſwald at the caſtle of Lovel.—all theſe when together, furniſh a ſtriking leſſon to poſterity, of the over-ruling hand of providence, and the certainty of RETRIBUTION.

*FINIS.*